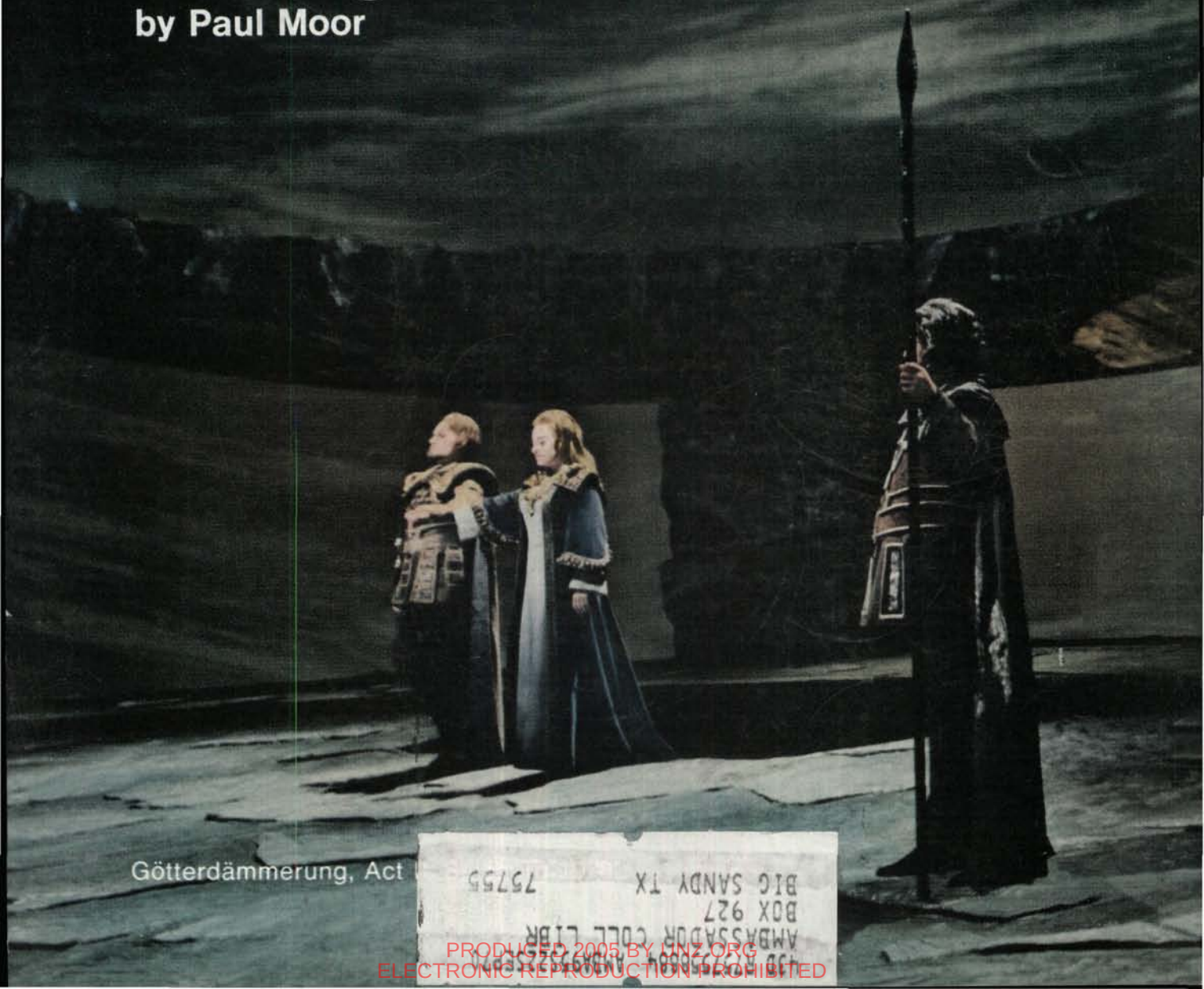
Has Monogamy Failed? by Herbert A. Otto

Saturday Review

April 25, 1970 50¢

Karajan Completes The Ring

by Paul Moor



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April 25, 1970

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by Paul Moor

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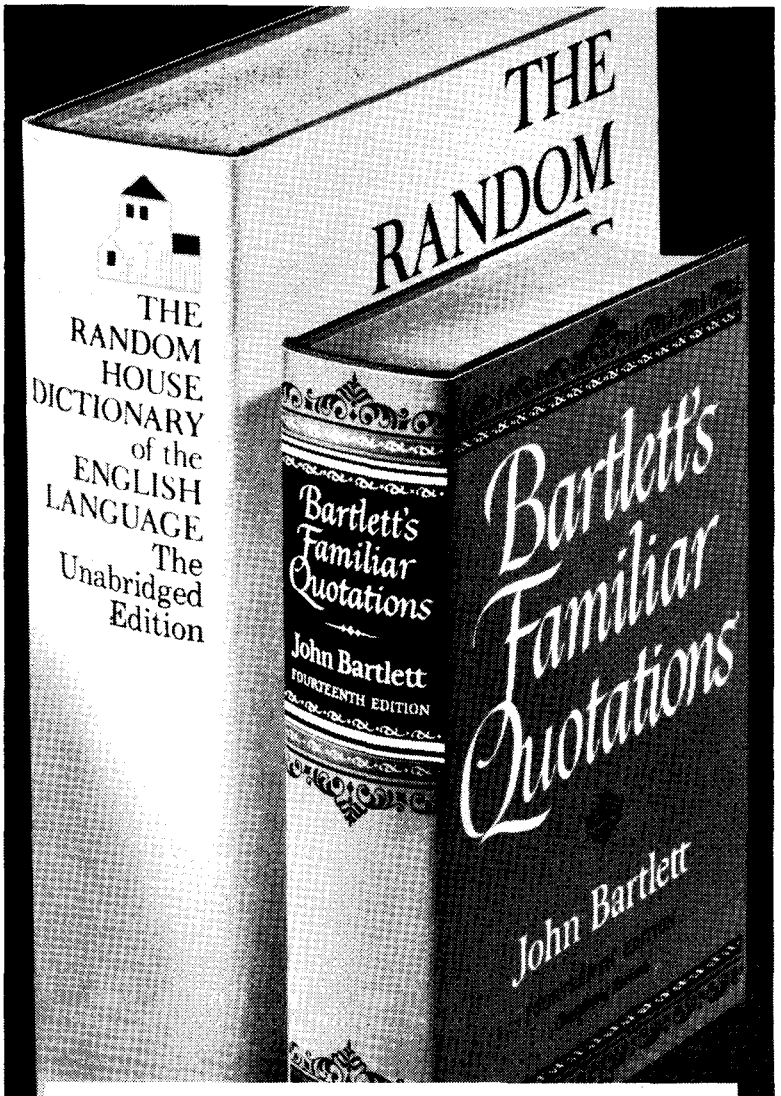

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Hypocrisy, Southern Style

IT'S TOO BAD that phoniness has gotten a bad name up North. Down South, people know how to employ what Yankees consider "hypocrisy" as soothing interpersonal lubrication. Take the problem of running into somebody on the street you haven't seen in a year and a half. Social critic Don Frifield (Northerner) writes chillingly of the New York "truce" tactic where you each "agree" not to notice the other, not to stop for artificially energetic talk of wife and family, just keep pressing straight ahead unblinkingly like two bullets passing in broad daylight.

The Southerner knows the joy of hamming it up. You stop, you gasp, you quiver like a vat of molasses shot through with a billion volts. "What in the world are *you* doing here?" you bellow, even though you may be two blocks from your home and directly in front of his. "How's Myrtle?" you ooze if you remember her name, or "How's that sweet-as-a-squashed-out-honeydew-melon lady of yours?" if you don't.

You may be just as deeply disinterested in seeing each other as the pair up North. But the carefully measured overdose of hypocrisy and sham transforms the encounter into a moment of grace. Even innocent bystanders feel better.

You can say whatever you please as long as it's warm and cuddly and phony, but don't monkey around with the sign-off. That's fixed. You say, "Come see us, y'hear"; and he says, "All right. Y'all come see us, too."

Doltish Yankees, usually GIs stationed in the South, complain they've tried to invoke this invitation. They've actually *come* to see a Southerner who begged them to and were ejected.

Serves them right! The objective is not an escalation of fellowship. The Southerner is merely saying: "Look. Humans like to feel wanted and welcome and accepted, and I hereby offer to do everything in my power to make *you* feel that way short of actually seeing you again."

Blessed be the name of the game. The hypocrisy of the South is at least soothing. The honesty of the North is cutting.

Take girls. If you call a Northern girl and she doesn't want to see you, she says no. That's all. Just no. The Southern girl wouldn't treat you like that if you were positively identified as her last rapist. She'd act like Miss America acts toward Bert Parks. She'd repeat your name slowly and seductively;

then she'd regrip the telephone and vow in tones of anguished self-denial one of thirty-eight approved lies.

"My uncle—well, he's not exactly my uncle but he's a good friend of my cousin's aunt and he just came in from Valdosta and we've already marinated a swine and. . . . Gee, otherwise I'd love to."

She may say her best friend Betty Louise fell into an open manhole and she promised to help fish her out. She may say she's just been arraigned for forgery and has to stick around and stand trial. She'll say anything but "No." She will never arrange and brandish your charred ego *en brochette*, and if you choose you can go on through life believing "Otherwise I'd love to." It's nice.

If a Northerner forgets your name, he gets arrogant, cranky, and defensive. A Southerner never pleads guilty. He'll embrace you, call you "Cousin," or stage-whisper, "I hope-to-kiss-a-tadpole, we were just *talking* about you!"

If you're the same sex he'll ask, "Did you get my letter?" If you're not he'll kiss you. If he has to introduce you to somebody else he'll shout, "*You* two know each other," and oil ahead into new business.

You may never know where you stand with a Southerner, but at least you're sure of your standing.

The Northerner is much too intent on who wins or loses these little interpersonal skirmishes. The Southerner is content to let you know how much fun he's having playing the game.

—BARRY FARBER.

Patty Rivers, Age Zero

EVER SINCE I read the 1970 census sample instruction form, I've been worried about little Patricia Rivers, age zero.

You will recall that Patricia lives

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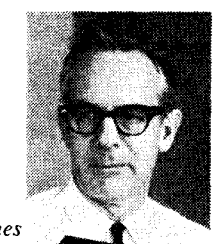

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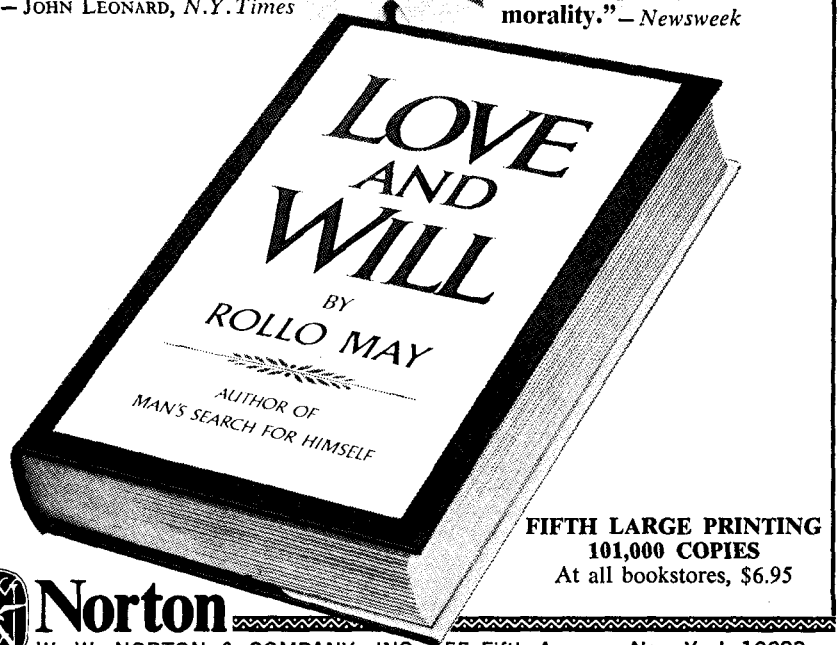

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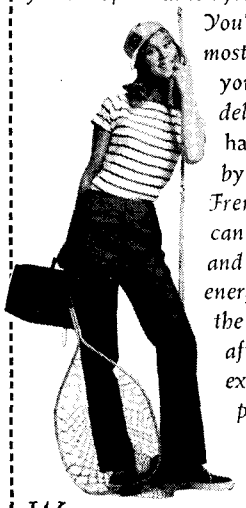
Découpez ici

Once in a Series

The sportsman's guide to the French Riviera.

le bon voyage

Pack up your rod and tackle, your golf clubs and tennis racket. You'll have a chance to use all your gear where you're going. The French Riviera is a sports buff's dream come true. Air France will fly you there. On the way we'll get you in top condition for your sporting holiday.



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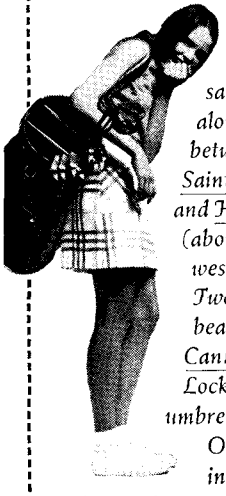
Water sports

If you're a member of the wet set you'll be glad to know that the Riviera is one of the greatest water sport regions in the world. Swimming? You'll find the clearest water and the finest white sand beaches along the coast between Saint-Raphaël and Hyères (about 88 miles west of Nice).

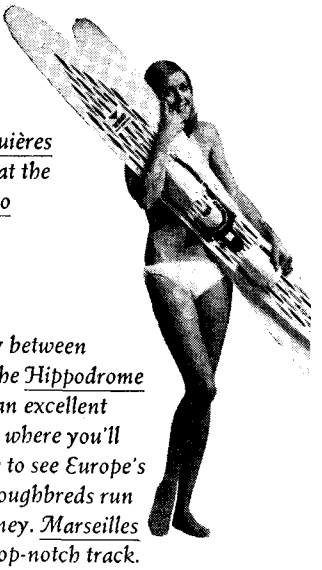


Two of the most beautiful beaches on the Riviera are at Cannes and Juan-les-Pins. Lockers, beach chairs and umbrellas can be rented.

Or perhaps you feel more in the swim of things in a pool. Do a few laps across the Olympic-size Stade Nautique Rainier III in Monte Carlo. Sailing, motorboating and water-skiing are sponsored by the Yacht Club Marseilles.

Land sports

If you're the kind of sportsman who likes to keep his head above water and his score below par, you'll be interested in all the drier diversions the Côte d'Azur has to offer. Golf? Play the 18-holes at the Mt. Agel Golf Club (15 minutes out of Monte Carlo). Other 18-hole golf courses are located near Cannes, Antibes and Valescure. Tennis anyone? Excellent public courts at Saint-Raphaël, Val d'Esquières and Cassis. And don't miss a game at the magnificent court of the Monte Carlo Country Club.



Sport of kings

Take in a day at the races. In Cagnes-sur-Mer (halfway between Antibes and Nice) is the Hippodrome de la Côte d'Azur, an excellent parimutuel track where you'll have a chance to see Europe's fastest thoroughbreds run for the money. Marseilles also has a top-notch track.

A sporting chance

Gambling's one sport where it doesn't matter how you play the game but whether you win or lose. There's a plethora of glamorous casinos on the French Riviera. Be sure to bring your passport; you'll need it to get in. And a little extra pocket money; you'll need that to play. In Cannes, the two big casinos are: the Municipal Casino and the Palm Beach Casino. Nice has three casinos: the Municipal Casino, the Palais de la Méditerranée and the Nouveau Casino. The big sports gamble at the world-famous Monte Carlo Casino in Monte Carlo.

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with her daddy, Arthur T. Rivers, thirty-nine; her mommy, Frances L. Rivers, thirty-four; her brother Steven, eight; Grandma Mary Lockridge, seventy; and Jane Williamson, described as a sixty-three-year-old divorced boarder.

It doesn't sound like a very peaceful household, and I imagine that Art Rivers has his hands full when his mother-in-law and cantankerous Jane get to drinking and hollering and throwing lamps at each other.

But that's not what bothers me; it's little Patty, whose age is listed on the form as "0." Now we know that Patty can't possibly be zero. From the moment of birth everybody has some age, be it seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, or years. As a matter of fact, it says that Patty was born in August 1969. (It also notes that she was "never married," which figures.) Patty isn't one year old yet, to be sure. But she certainly isn't zero. Anybody with an eight-month-old baby girl in the house knows that "0" is just plain ridiculous.

I think Art Rivers was wrong, and did his youngest child an injustice, when he wrote zero. Maybe he really

meant to put "7½ months" but was distracted by Mary's throwing Jane down the cellar stairs. With those two around, a man can't even think.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Poem

This has no meaning
and no being.
It is not a poem.
It has no meter
to speak of, no form;
no overflow, no *Angst*,
no wisdom, power,
tension, image, rhyme;.

an empty drawer
(one poor metaphor)

It has no myth,
no archetypal pull,
defaults on diction,
and says no more
than prose could say
much better. For once
I know for sure:
here are some words
that do not form a poem.
What luxury, what ease;
I won't revise a word.
No pain, no pang,
no poem. Now,
what shall I call it?

—ALAN VAN DINE.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Speak Softly and Carry a Big Ax Handle

HEAVEN KNOWS I've been trying for a year and three months to follow the admonition of our President to speak softly. It should have been easy. All it requires is to make sure, when you discuss politics, that the other man is on your side. But we live in a climate of fear, and you can't tell the players without—excuse it—a scare card.

It's the fashion, these days of the newly formed Silent Majority, for all citizens to be "aware." But everyone you talk to is tensely wary of your particular awareness. So tense, any innocuous conversation can raise the intensity of the sound level by several decibels.

"How are you?" can often lead to a feverish argument about Medicare.

"Nice weather, isn't it?" will bring on an asthmatic debate on the causes of pollution.

"My regards to your family," can lead to an explosive conversation about overpopulation.

"Where's your son these days?" and you're suddenly talking about Vietnam and the relative merits of life in Sweden or Canada.

No topic is sacrosanct. Recently at a lunch with a guy, I was going on at some length about a daring social reform—something like they should never abolish hot lunches for school children. Although I spoke softly, my companion had become agitated.

"Who said they're going to abolish hot lunches?" he asked.

"I read it in the morning paper."

"Newspapers," he scoffed. "I don't believe what I see in the papers. I have to see it in black and white."

As I wondered in what color he thought my paper was printed, he leaned close and whispered hoarsely, "You know what I think you are?"

"No. What do you think I am?"

He looked furtively over his shoulder. He was going to spare me a public defamation. "You're a liberal," he hissed.

I paled visibly. Here I had gone and taken sides again. No matter how much I had lowered my voice, I was being labeled and libeled. No matter how painfully I try to straddle fences, I always get it where it hurts most.

I even type softly. Yet, there's always some reader with an alert inner ear that picks up the sound of my trousers ripping as I try typographically to climb a fence. Like this out-of-towner who wrote at some length to straighten out my thinking on some controversial political figure. As I read his letter, I found myself vacillating.

I can vacillate as easily as the next man. Vacillation is the order of the day. Vacillation goes hand in hand with lowering our voices. Even the top man in our government, Vice President Agnew, vacillated recently as he spoke, in modulated voice, though sharply, against the men with ax handles who attacked a bus carrying children to school. That was down in Thurmond country, where the government's voice has often been softly conciliatory, in tune with Southern strategy.

And so I vacillated as I read this letter. The writer had almost convinced me until I read his final paragraph: "Why don't you stop running with that Madison Avenue pack and learn to think for yourself?"

Then I realized he was asking me to think not for myself, but for *himself*. Now, I defend the right of the Silent Majority to write from the heartland of America, where our President says they reside. I can vouch they do, and that they have too often been silent. Two sisters who live in Oklahoma and Missouri haven't sent me a birthday card in years.

As I read the morning paper, teetering on my fence, I came across an Associated Press dispatch from Portland, Oregon. There had been some shoplifting in the Reed College Bookshop. The owner put up a sign asking customers to remove their coats. One day, in walked eight students, six boys and two girls, removed all their clothing, and walked nude through the shop.

Well, although my lapels are narrow and my ties are narrow, my mind is wide open on the revolt of the student body. But I just couldn't dig the symbolism of this body demonstration. The significance seems also to have escaped the other students in the shop, who, the story reports, "pretty much ignored those in the buff." I can understand why they didn't lift their eyes from the books they were browsing, considering what's in books these days.

You will notice, I hope, that I'm still speaking softly, although there are days when I wonder: If we are to continue lowering our voices, shouldn't someone, somehow, somewhere along the line, be doing something about raising our goals?

Think Tuesday.

Teacher's

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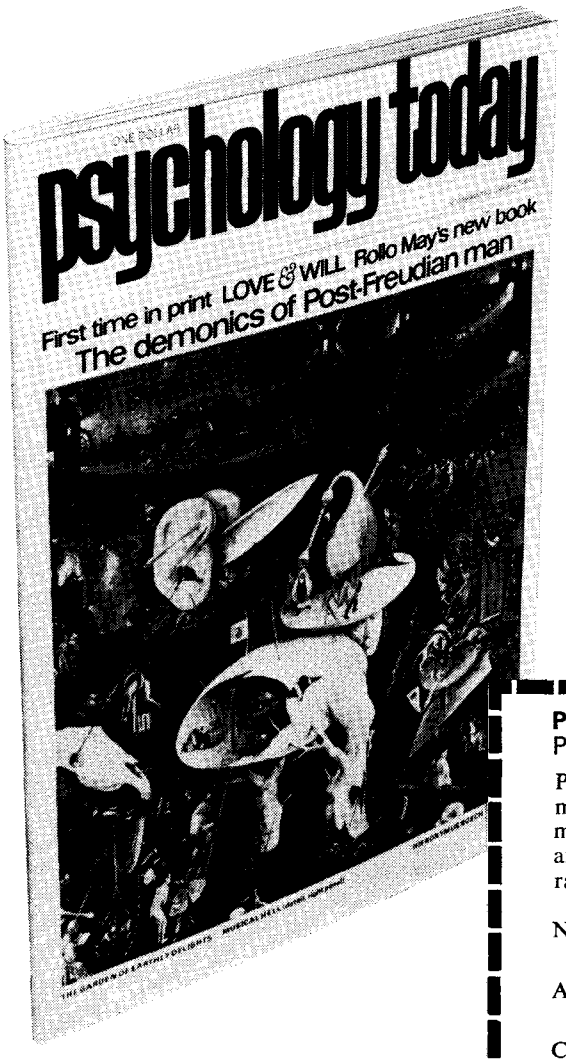

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By the author of *Taste in America*

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

We've always thought that one of the types we could most easily do without these days is the type who puts a "g" in the word luxury. You know—that bird who tells you, in those TV ads, that a certain car is the last word in "lugsury." And the worst of it is, it's *all* the models, too—not just the delugs. In any case, we now know, via Sally Jones of San Antonio, Texas, that there are worse types. For Miss Jones unearthed the following clipping, complete with headline, from the San Antonio *Express*:

SO WOULD
THE GENTILES

As the hearing in 57th District Court concerning obscenity at a local bookstore unfolded, Assistant Dist. Atty. John Quinlan was busily engaged asking questions of a vice bureau detective.

Suddenly Judge Franklin Spears halted the proceedings and stated: "Mr. Quinlan, if you wouldn't refer to genitals as gentiles, I would appreciate it."

Our Advertisement of the Fortnight also contained a stern typo. Bernard Witlieb of New York located it in the "New Arrivals" list from Barnes & Noble:

THE STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGES OF THE PRESIDENTS: 1790-1966.

The State of the Union messages tell dramatically the tribulations of a growing nation. Compiled and indexed for the first time, these documents present a weeping view of American history.

If there's one thing we look for in a history book, it's the broad weep. In any case, more than one correspondent culled one particular typo from the New York *Post*. Mary Roche of the Bronx sent it first:

Moscow (AP)—A top Soviet scientist not only approves of computer dating, he believes it "expedient to use computers to help people choose a souse."

Expedient, perhaps, but we'd hate to compute the data by data expense. As for the Classified Story of the Fortnight, it was unclassified by James Crombie of Sarasota, Florida, in a paper called *The Islander*:

FOR SALE: Stainless steel clam cooker, capacity 35 people.

You could probably get away with it, too, provided everybody *else* on the picnic clammed up. Meanwhile, in honor of tax month, we commend *Atlas* magazine for uncovering April's most unusual tax story. It seems a Swedish countess by the name of Cecilia Lewenhaupt, living in a 106-year-old mansion, found the upkeep, expenses, and taxes were just too much. Apparently no one would take it off her hands—even as a gift. So what did she do? She blew it up—with dynamite.

Out in Tucson, Arizona, at the Nucleus Club, we found rancher Frank Appleton, who recently turned his 8,000-acre spread into a research ranch for environmental and extinct species studies, very concerned about another issue—the lowering of the voting age. "I think," he told us, "they ought to lower it at both ends. Why should you retire a fellow from General Motors, say, at sixty-five—and then let some ninety-year-old nut go on voting? Or, for that matter, go on chairmaning some Congressional committee?" We had no answer, save stern agreement. "After all," Appleton concluded, "what's good for General Motors ought to be good for something else."

In honor of the baseball season, we liked best a brief index item on the front page of the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

SPORTS

Hal Lanier hit a grandslam homer as the Giants walloped the Athletics, 14-14, in an exhibition game.

A close rout, all right. But we ourselves were present at one real wallop or rout—when the New York Rangers, facing hockey play-off extinction, not only had to defeat the Detroit Red Wings in the final game, but also had to score as many goals more than five as possible. This was because the Montreal Canadiens, who also had to lose to the Chicago Black Hawks in their last game for the Rangers to make the playoffs, would have qualified instead had they scored more than five goals, even in losing. Because, with two teams tied, the team scoring most goals gets into the play-offs. Have you got it? Well, we knew you wouldn't. But never mind. The point is the Rangers won 9 to 5, meaning that Montreal had to score five goals to beat them (four wouldn't do it because, if both teams have the same number of goals scored, then goals against—well, never mind). Anyway, as we were saying, first the Rang-

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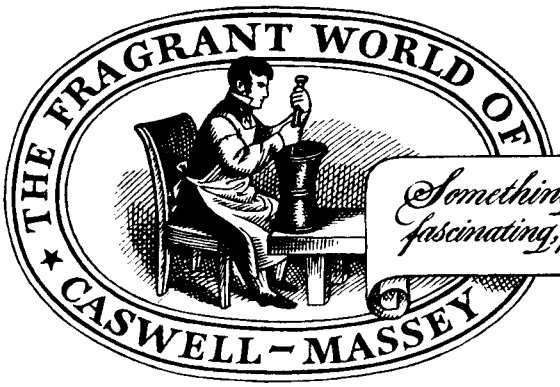

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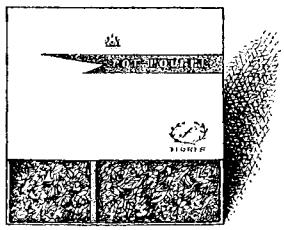

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ers won, and then that evening, grimly clutching our radio, we hung out our New York apartment window, picked up a Montreal broadcast in French, and heard the news that Montreal was playing the last *neuf minutes avec pas de goalie.* (Goals against counted, you see, if goals scored—well, what's the use?) Anyway, as we were saying, when the final announcement came, *"Chicago, dix; Montréal, deux,"* we knew the Rangers were in. *"Formidable,"* we said quietly.

Finally, in the ancient and honorable Assembly Parlor of the New York State Capitol at Albany, there was a landmark hearing—the first in the memory of man, in a state that is, after all, the center of the fur and fashion industry —to prohibit the sale of wild animal skins and furs of animals in danger of extinction. Chairman Mason heard moving testimony from the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, the New York Zoological Society, the Fund for Animals, the Defenders of Wildlife, and many others. (*Women's Wear Daily,* of course, purporting to "report" the event, mentioned no testimony for the bill, merely the statement of two furriers against—which was less a commentary on the bill than on the paper.) The Sierra Club quoted William Beebe: "When the last individual of a race of living beings breathes no more, another heaven and another earth must pass before such a one can be again." "When the last snow leopard goes," said William Conway, of the Bronx Zoo, "there is no way we can make another." A young student from St. Lawrence University said, "If you won't pass this bill for yourselves, pass it for my generation." For ourselves, we quoted the legislators a poem, written by Vernon Bartlett and entitled *The Leopard*:

Once, in a moment of great generosity
God has shown to me
A leopard running free.
How, from that moment, could He
expect of me
Born without His tolerance
Calmly to see
All those women, those bloody awful
women
Dressed up in leopard skins
Sitting down to tea?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1880)

ROBERT G. DEINDORFER:
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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Thought Games

TEN YEARS AGO when British playwright Harold Pinter first came to this country with his wonderful play *The Caretaker,* he was asked which playwright he most admired. His reply was, "Samuel Beckett. But not so much his plays as his novels."

Now several impressive plays of his own later, Pinter has departed from Pinteresque (a word he loathes) to attempt a couple of very short works in a style that, although it is not a copy of Beckett, emanates the quality of Beckett's novels.

Called *Silence* and *Landscape,* they are currently being presented by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in its intimate thrust-stage playhouse, The Forum. This is an important and appropriate service for this company to render, particularly if, as the distinguished critic Richard Watts reports, they "come off better" here than in the original London production he saw last summer.

However, on the basis of this performance and a perusal of the texts, Pinter's experiment seems desperately lacking in dramatic excitement. In *Silence,* two men and a woman sit in front of a background that suggests hills and open country. Pinter deliberately tells us little about them. One, Rumsey, owns horses and other animals, and seems quite contented with the walks he takes with his girl, Ellen, who dresses to please him and listens to him talk. He enjoys the natural environment around him and the comfort of feeling unnecessary in it. Happily he tells us, "There is no one to tell me what is expected or not expected of me. There is nothing required of me."

The second man, Bates, is desperately unhappy. He lives in a rooming house where his landlady asks him, "Are you nothing but a childish old man, suffocating himself?" He apparently has the same girl as Rumsey, but he takes her to pubs or to his room for more aggressive companionship.

The woman, Ellen, is sad about getting old and being unmarried, but she drifts passively between the two men. The silent impersonality of her life vaguely troubles her. She says, "After my work each day, I walk back through people, but I don't notice them. . . . I'm quite wide awake to the world around me. But not to the people."

One suspects that in this play Pinter is concerned with how people move from the more fully engaged prime of life into the silence of old age. But as directed by Peter Gill, Robert Symonds as Rumsey, Barbara Tarbuck as Ellen, and, to a lesser extent, James Patterson as Bates are much too glib. What drama there is to *Silence* probably depends upon the actors' seeking to relate their dialogue to remembered sensory experience so that the silences in the script detonate as emotional explosions.

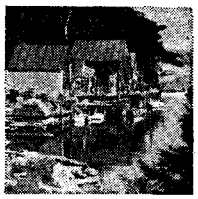
The second play, *Landscape,* has a bit more story to it. An old man named Duff and his wife, Beth, seem to be the caretakers of an empty house. While Duff rambles on in commonplaces about his trivial and somewhat insensitive life, Beth speaks her private reminiscences about the day the late master of the house made love to her on the beach.

Here, Mildred Natwick as Beth beautifully realizes the performance style these plays require. Yet, the counterpoint makes little dramatic progress. It is the distilled essence of a play, and, like Beckett, Pinter may have lost interest in creating theatrical journeys and is now satisfied merely to present final destinations.

Another British playwright, Stanley Eveling, has manipulated the isolated dialogue of two people with great theatricality in *Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning,* currently at the Gramercy Arts Theater. The play is set neatly in motion when a nineteen-year-old girl, Janet Rosenberg, writes a fan letter to a fifty-year-old author, Alec Kooning. The flattered author replies with a short and very correct note. Then the mischief begins. Janet takes the liberty of writing him back again, this time at greater length and with information about herself that unconsciously reveals her sexual permissiveness and her enthusiasm for his deeper qualities that might make her willing to submit to him as a lover, whatever his lack of youth and handsome appearance might be.

The temptation appears to drive Mr. Kooning and the play into a kind of schizophrenia. At this point in his life, Mr. Kooning has wisely reconciled himself to celibacy, but Janet's letter wakens his other repressed self. He fights down his impulse to folly and tears up a letter to her that would have let her know his need for deepening their relationship. Very wise. Very

Why don't you come up and see Me. sometime.



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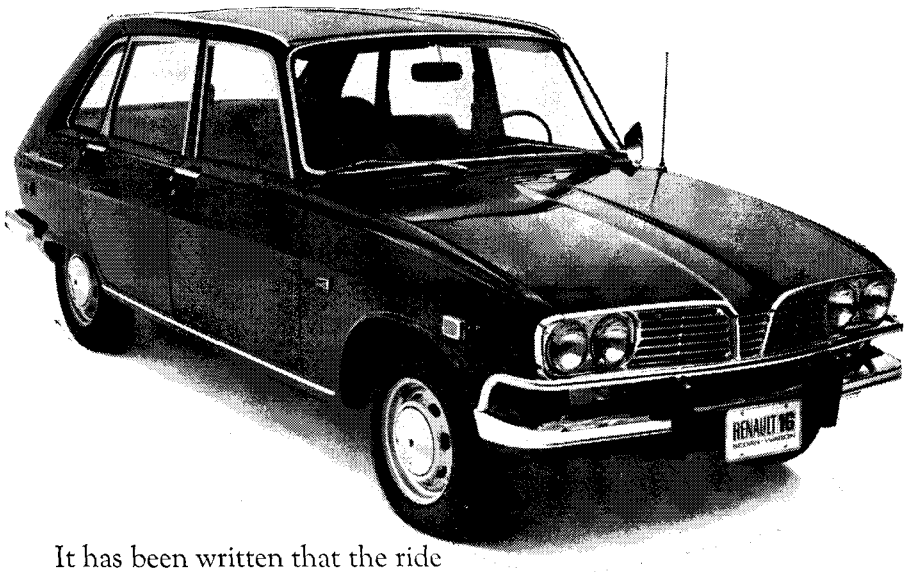

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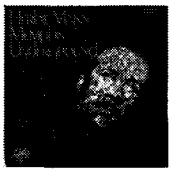

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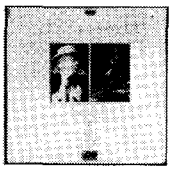

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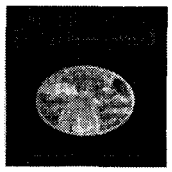
33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR

42708 MC 5—Back in the U.S.A.
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44367 YVES MONTAND
Extraordinaire
Phil LP

34686 DICK HYMAN
—Moog
Comm LP, 8TR



17742 FRENCH OPERA ARIAS—
Beverly Sills
Westm LP

42695 ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
Atco LP, 8TR

42707 NY ROCK & ROLL ENSEMBLE—
Reflections
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

33254 CANNONBALL ADDERLY SEXTET
—Planet Earth
River LP, 8TR

31793 MAMA CASS
—Your Own Kind of Music
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

17042 BEETHOVEN:
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Richter
Phil LP

48769 BLUES MAGOOS—Never Goin' Back
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31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—*It Ain't Easy*
Dunh LP

49854 ZEPHYR
Probe LP, 8TR

48773 TOMMY ROE
—Twelve in a Roe
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEE GEES
—Best of
Atco LP, 8TR

44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Phil LP

34665 DOC SEVERINSEN—
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Comm LP, 8TR

17049 SIBELIUS:
Sym #2
Concertgebouw/
Szell
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31791 STEPPENWOLF
—Monster
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

17724 JULIAN BREAM
—Bach Music For Guitar
Westm LP

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Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

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Westm LP

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Distributed by the AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION, a nationwide organization that upholds the Humanist way of life in place of supernatural religion.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM, by Corliss Lamont. A lucid summary of the growing Humanist movement, and of Humanism as an affirmative credo for shaping a better life in today's complex world. (Frederick Ungar Publishing Co. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. Paperback, 313 pp., $1.95.)

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THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE, by Theodore Roszak. A study of the hippie sub-culture from a historical and sociological point of view. (Doubleday. Paperback, 303 pp., $1.95.)

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correct. But Janet does not let the matter drop. She writes him again on the pretense of obtaining an out-of-print copy of one of his books. Two days later comes another letter from her thanking Mr. Kooning for the autographed copies of all his books and an enormous bunch of roses. This staggers the author, for he does not recall having sent them. Apparently she is pursuing him. Fearfully but frenziedly he responds, only to discover that the desired relationship is comical and undignified, and that it simply makes him feel older and sadder.

By this time the play has become quite strange. We are not quite sure whether its events are really happening or whether they are wish-fulfillments and anxiety dreams. And ultimately there is the implication that the whole business is merely a play Janet is writing. That play has two endings, one tragic, one happy. Thereby Mr. Eveling seems to be saying that happiness can be achieved by not deepening our experiences beyond our capabilities.

Catherine Burns, who received an Academy Award nomination for her performance as the shy raped girl in *Last Summer*, here excels as a more calculating and predatory young lady. Opposite her, Kevin O'Connor is somewhat miscast as the aging, overweight author, but nevertheless achieves some splendid moments. He is best when he strikes out at the gnawing dissatisfactions of his career, saying, "*That's for* the girls that lay down in every direction and never a one for me, *that's* for their laughs and their giggles and their stupid little sneering faces, *that's* for all of it, *humiliation, torture, defeat, loneliness, pain, sickness, all* of it, *all* of it."

The play has been sensitively directed by Max Stafford-Clark and beautifully lit by Jules Fisher. It is followed by a shorter afterpiece called *Jakey Fat Boy*, featuring Mr. O'Connor as an impotent slob, and Penelope Allen as a pliant call girl who is asked to inflict suggestive vocal abuse on her client in lieu of sexual intercourse. It is amusing when she discovers that the most provocative thing she can say is that she has met Kenneth Tynan (the literary adviser to *Oh! Calcutta!*), but the sketch seems thin in comparison with the dazzlingly rich *Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning.*

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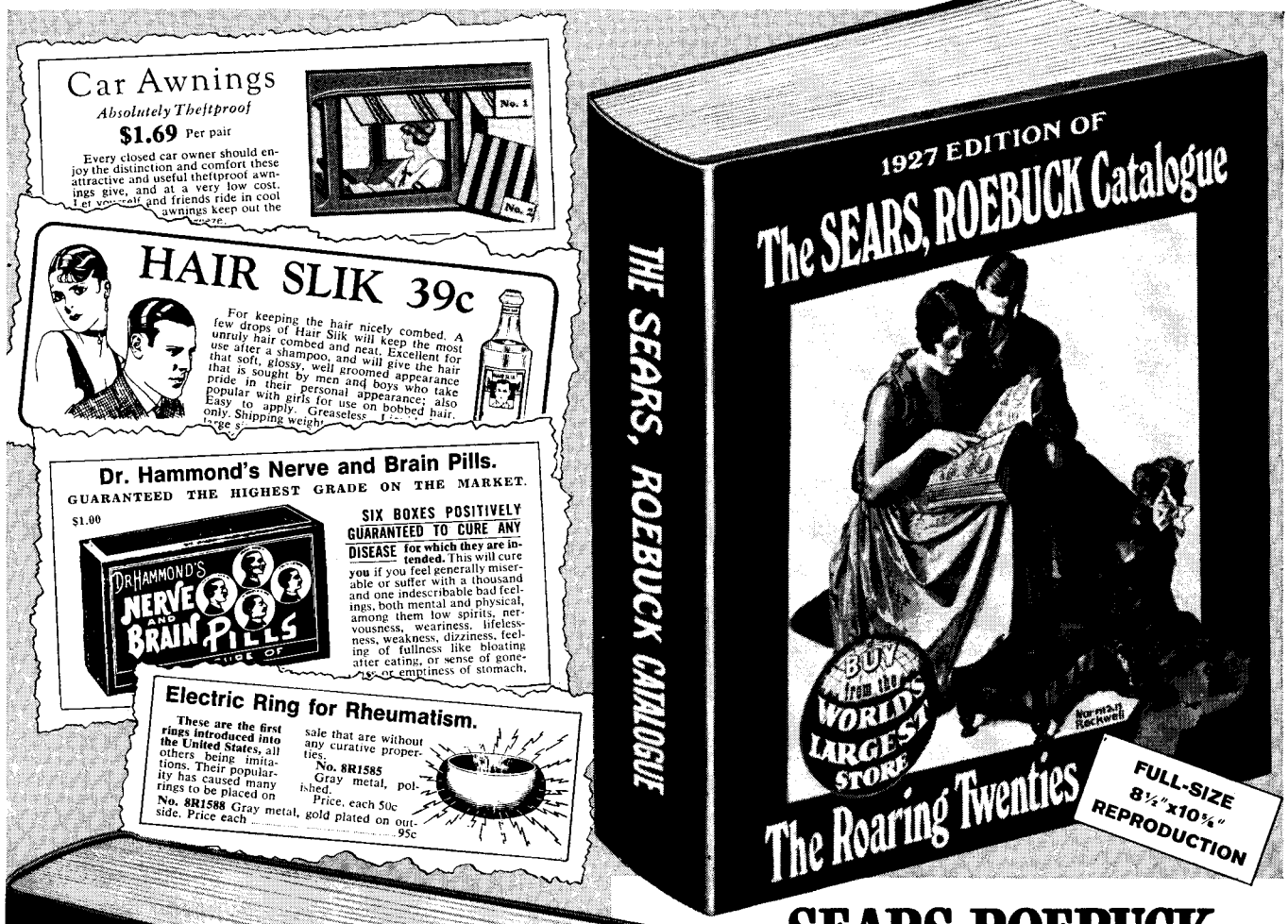
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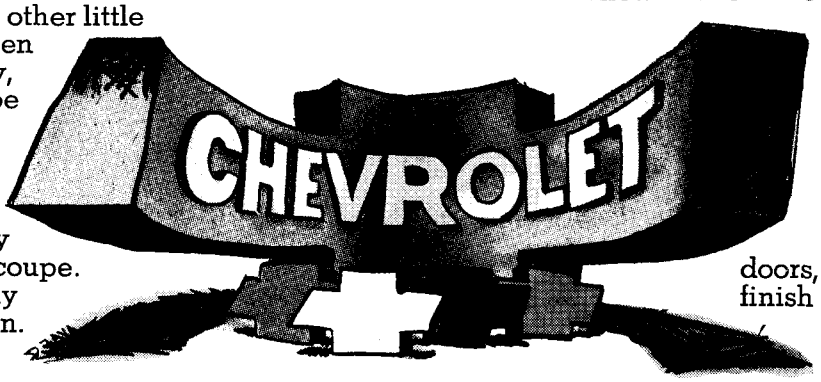

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Saturday Review
April 25, 1970

Has Monogamy Failed?

"There is no question that sex-role and parental-role rigidities are in the process of diminishing, and new dimensions of flexibility are making their appearance in marriage and the family."

by HERBERT A. OTTO

Never before in the history of Western civilization has the institution of marriage been under the searching scrutiny it is today. Never before have so many people questioned the cultural and theological heritage of monogamy—and set out in search of alternatives. The American family of the 1970s is entering an unprecedented era of change and transition, with a massive reappraisal of the family and its functioning in the offing.

The U.S. statistic of one divorce per every four marriages is all too familiar. Other figures are even more disquieting. For example, a recent government study revealed that one-third of all first-born children in the United States from 1964 through 1966 were conceived out of wedlock, thereby forcing many hasty marriages that might not have occurred otherwise. Some marriage specialists estimate that anywhere from 40 to 60 per cent of all marriages are at any given time "subclinical." The couples involved could materially benefit from the help of a marriage counselor, but they never reach a clinic. Divorce is still the most widely accepted means of coping with a marriage beset by problems. Relatively few couples having marital difficulties are aware of available marriage counseling services or utilize them. Divorce today is very much a part of the social fabric, and some sociologists refer to a "divorce culture." It is safe to say that most men, women, and children in this country have been touched by the divorce experience—either in their own families, or among friends and close acquaintances.

The other day a good friend, senior executive of a large company and in his early forties, dropped by for a visit. He told me he had been thinking of divorce after sixteen years of marriage. The couple have a boy, twelve, and two girls, one of whom is ten, the other eight. "We've grown apart over the years, and we have nothing in common left anymore other than the children. There are at least twenty years of enjoying life still ahead of me. I was worried about the children until we discussed it with them. So many of their schoolmates have had divorced parents or parents who had remarried, they are accustomed to the idea. It's part of life. Of course, if the older ones need help, I want them to see a good psychiatrist while we go through with this. My wife is still a good-looking woman, younger than I, and probably will remarry. I'm not thinking of it now, but I'll probably remarry someday." This situation illustrates an attitude and the climate of the times. Divorce has become as much an institution as marriage.

Paradoxically, the high divorce rate can be viewed as both a symptom of the failure of monogamy and an indication of its success. A large majority of men and women remarry within four years after their divorce. As Dr. Bernard Steinzor points out in his latest book, *When Parents Divorce*, "divorce has become an expression of the increasing personal freedom afforded the average citizen." It is a fact that the average citizen continues to pursue personal freedom within the framework of marriage. Serial monogamy or progressive monogamy is today so widespread that it has arrived as an alternative structure. According to one analyst, we are close to the day when 85 per cent of all men and women reaching the age of sixty-five will have been remarried at least once. I am reminded of a cartoon that appeared in *The New Yorker* some time ago: A young couple is shown leaving what is identified by a sign as the home of a justice of the peace. The bride, dressed in the latest mod fashion, turns brightly to her young man and says, "Darling! Our first marriage!"

The full-scale emergence of serial monogamy has been accompanied by an explosive upswing of experimentation with other alternative structures. Begun by the under-thirty generation and hippie tribal families, the 1960s have seen the growth of a new commune movement. This movement has started to attract significant segments of the older, established population. For example, I recently conducted a weekend marathon in Chicago—under the auspices of the Oasis Center—that was open to the public. Seven out of thirty-six participants were members of communes. Three of the seven were successful professional men in their mid-forties. Another participant, a college professor in his early thirties, mentioned that he had been a member of a commune composed of several psychiatrists, an engineer, a teacher, and a chemist. When I visited New York following the Chicago weekend, a senior editor of a large publishing

HERBERT A. OTTO, a Fellow of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, is editor of *The American Family: In Search for a Future*, scheduled for summer publication. His latest book is *More Joy in Your Marriage*.

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house casually mentioned that he and some friends were in the process of organizing a commune. They were looking for a large brownstone close to their offices.

The commune movement even has its own journal, *Modern Utopian*. Issued by the Alternatives Foundation of Berkeley, California, it is in its fourth year of publication. In 1969, this journal published the first comprehensive directory of intentional or utopian communes in the United States and the world. The addresses of close to two hundred intentional communities in this country are given. (It has been estimated that there are four to six times this number of communes in the United States.) California leads the *Modern Utopian* directory with more than thirty listed. New York has twenty-eight and Pennsylvania thirteen, with communes listed from thirty-five other states. Half a dozen books that I know of are currently in preparation on the commune movement.

Communes of various types exist, varying from agricultural subsistence to religious. To provide a base for economic survival, many of the communes furnish services or construct marketable products such as hammocks or wooden toys for preschoolers. Others operate printing presses or schools. Most communes not located in cities raise some of their own food. Relatively rare is the commune that is self-supporting solely on the basis of its agricultural operation. Sizes vary with anywhere from twelve persons or fewer to a hundred persons or more as members of an intentional community. The educational and vocational backgrounds of members also vary widely. The young people and school dropouts are currently being joined by a growing number of "Establishment dropouts." Many of these are people who have made successful contributions in their chosen vocations or professions and have grown disillusioned, or who are seeking to explore new lifestyles.

Communes often have their beginnings when several persons who know each other well, like each other, and have similar values decide to live together. Sometimes a commune is formed around a common interest, craft, or unifying creative goal. Political views or convictions may also play a role in the formation of a commune. There are a number of peace-movement and radical communes; sometimes these are composed of political activists, and sometimes of people who see the commune movement as a "radical approach to revolution." Members of one such group, the Twin Oaks community in Virginia, think of themselves as a post-revolutionary society. As detailed in *Modern Utopian*, this "radical commune" was organized as the result of a university conference:

> Twin Oaks was started by a group of people who met while attending an "academic" conference during 1966 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the formation of a Walden II community. One of the Twin Oakers related how this conference resulted in a very elaborate, academic type plan on how to get a Walden II community going. But when the conference was over, the professors all returned to their teaching posts, and nobody had any idea where they could get the several million dollars that the plan called for to start the thing. So eight people decided to start right away with whatever resources they could get together. . . .
>
> For while Twin Oaks was designed to be a living experiment in community, it also aims to stimulate others to do the same. As one member said, "We generally hold to the opinion that people who *don't* start communities (or join them) are slightly immoral." It's all part of the revolution being over—they define revolution as a "radical restructuring" of society, both economic and, more important, cultural. (But maybe you can't really separate the two.) One member summed up a desirable post-revolutionary society as: "A society that creates people who are committed to non-aggression; a society of people concerned for one another; a society where one man's gain is not another man's loss; a society where disagreeable work is minimized and leisure is valued; a society in which people come first; an economic system of equality; a society which is constantly trying to improve in its ability to create happy, productive, creative people."

The personal property a member brings to a commune remains his, although he may be expected to share it when needed. Some purists object that, since members do not donate personal property for the benefit of the group, the current social experiments should not be referred to as "communes." Obviously, the term has acquired a new meaning and definition. The emphasis today is on the exploration of alternate models for togetherness, the shaping of growing dynamic environments, the exploration of new life-styles, and the enjoyment of living together.

A number of communes are deliberately organized for the purpose of group marriage. The concept of group marriage, however, differs widely. Some communes exclusively composed of couples have a living arrangement similar to the "big family" or group family that originated in Sweden in 1967. These married couples share the same home, expenses, household chores, and the upbringing of the children. Infidelity is not encouraged. Other group-marriage communes tolerate or encourage the sharing of husbands and wives. On the other end of the group-marriage continuum are communes such as The Family near Taos, New Mexico. This group of more than fifty members discourages pairing —"Everyone is married to everyone. The children are everyone's."

"We have a delightful little place with a labor shortage. You work the two weeks and pay off your whole vacation."

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The life-span of many communes is relatively short due to four major disintegrative pressures that fragment intentional communities. Disagreement over household chores or work to be performed is a major source of disruption. When members fail to fulfill their obligations, disillusionment and demoralization often set in. Closely related are interpersonal conflicts, frequently fueled by the exchange of sex partners and resultant jealousy. Drugs do not seem to create a major problem in most communes, as there is either a permissive attitude or drug use is discouraged or forbidden. A small number of religious/mystical communes use drugs for sacramental purposes and as a means of communion.

The problems associated with economic survival generate considerable pressure. A final strong force that contributes to the collapse of communes stems from the hostility of surrounding communities. There are innumerable instances of harassment by neighbors, strangers, civil authorities, and police. The persistent and violent nature of this persecution is probably traceable to deep-seated feelings of threat and outrage when the neighboring communities discover a group in their midst suspected of having unorthodox living arrangements. These pervasive feelings of resistance and anger (which may be partially subconscious) are conceivably engendered in many persons by what they perceive to be a threat to the existing family structure.

The weight of tradition and the strong imprinting of parental and familial models assure that for some time to come the overwhelming bulk of the population will opt for something close to the family structures they have known. In view of this strong thrust, it is all the more surprising that preventive programs (other than didactic approaches) that center on the strengthening of the family are almost unknown. Also sadly lacking is massive federal support for programs designed to help marriages and families beset by problems. A network of federally supported marriage-counseling clinics making marital and premarital counseling services available throughout every state in the Union could accomplish a great deal toward reducing marital unhappiness and divorce.

Present-day medical science widely recommends that we have an annual physical check-up as a means of prevention. In a similar manner, annual assessment and evaluation should be available to couples interested in developing and improving their marriages. The goal would be to identify, strengthen, and develop family potential *before* crises arise, with the main focus on helping a family achieve an even more loving, enjoyable, creative, and satisfying marriage relationship. The plan of a marriage and family potential center was developed in 1967 and 1968 by a colleague, Dr. Lacey Hall, and myself during my stay in Chicago. The project was supported by the Stone Foundation, but, owing to a number of complex reasons, the program was never fully implemented. As a part of the work in Chicago, and also under the auspices of the National Center for the Exploration of Human Potential, a number of "More Joy in Your Marriage" groups and classes have been conducted and have shown considerable promise as a preventive approach.

"The First World War's connected to the Second World War. The Second World War's connected to the Korean War. The Korean War's connected to the Vietnam War. The Vietnam War...."

Another highly promising field of inquiry is the area of family strengths. Little or no research and conceptualization had been done in relation to this area until the work of the Human Potentialities Research Project at the University of Utah, from 1960 through 1967. Paradoxically, family counseling and treatment programs have been offered for decades without a clearly developed framework of what was meant by family strengths, or what constitutes a "healthy family." In spite of extensive efforts to obtain foundation or government support for this research, no financial support was forthcoming. Ours remains a pathology-oriented culture saddled with the bias that the study of disorganization, illness, and dysfunction is the surest road to understanding the forces that go into the making of health and optimum functioning.

The emergence of alternative structures and the experimentation with new modes of married and family togetherness expresses a strong need to bring greater health and optimum functioning to a framework of interpersonal relationships formerly regarded as "frozen" and not amenable to change. There is no question that sex-role and parental-role rigidities are in the process of diminishing, and new dimensions of flexibility are making their appearance in marriage and the family. It is also evident that we are a pluralistic society with pluralistic needs. In this time of change and accelerated social evolution, we should encourage innovation and experimentation in the development of new forms of social and communal living. It is possible to invent and try out many models without hurting or destroying another person. Perhaps we need to recognize clearly that the objective of any model is to provide an atmosphere of sustenance, loving, caring, and adventuring. This makes growth and unfoldment possible.

It is in this light that the attention of an increasing number of well-known humanistic psychologists has been drawn to the institution of marriage. A new recognition of the many dimensions and possibilities of monogamy is beginning to emerge. For example, Dr. Jack Gibb and Dr. Everett Shostrom have each been conducting a series of couples groups at Growth Centers de-

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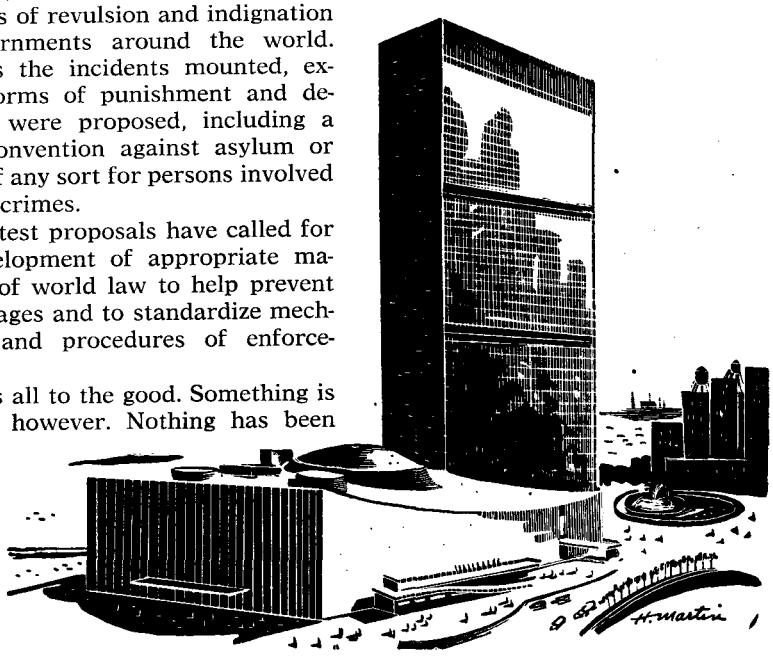
The Safety of Diplomats and Other People

On August 26, 1968, John Gordon Mein, U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala, was shot and killed by kidnapers. Since that time, eight diplomats—four of them from the United States—have been kidnaped or violently assaulted or both. The most recent episode involved Curtis C. Cutter, U.S. Consul at Porto Alegre, Brazil, who was shot and wounded while fleeing from his kidnapers. A week earlier, Karl von Spreti, West German Ambassador to Guatemala, was killed despite his government's willingness to meet that part of the ransom demands having to do with cash payment.

At first, these outrages produced expressions of revulsion and indignation by governments around the world. Then, as the incidents mounted, extreme forms of punishment and deterrents were proposed, including a world convention against asylum or refuge of any sort for persons involved in such crimes.

The latest proposals have called for the development of appropriate machinery of world law to help prevent the outrages and to standardize mechanisms and procedures of enforcement.

This is all to the good. Something is missing, however. Nothing has been said about the need for world law to safeguard people from the diplomats. The governments are quick to recognize the dangers of domestic anarchy, but what about the anarchy of the governments in their dealings with one another? This anarchy produces infinitely more injustice, bloodshed, and anguish than the despicable deeds against which the governments now seek to protect themselves. Each nation calls for the benefits of world law when it is injured, disadvantaged, or outraged in the world arena, but seems unwilling to accept any limitations on its freedom of action when the basic rights of the human species as a whole are involved. When the *Pueblo* was captured, the United States did not hesitate in calling upon the United Nations to invoke world law and compel North Korea to return the ship as well as to punish the offender.



What world law? How could there be such law when the U.N. Security Council has to operate within the stark limitations of a veto—the same veto that the United States itself proposed at San Francisco; the same veto that the Soviet Union has used more than one hundred times; the same veto that the United States has complained about endlessly, without calling attention to its own role in creating it or its own persistent refusal to advocate the institutions of world law that would have to take its place?

The connection between the need for uniform codes or regulations, methods of protection, and machinery for enforcement to protect diplomats against kidnapers is clear enough. Is there no connection between the absence of enforceable law on the world level and the death of 1,500,000 Biafrans? Or the unremitting agony of the people of Vietnam for more than thirty years, during which six major nations have used this land as a shooting arena in their balance-of-power struggle? Is there no connection between the lack of world law and the weapons being pumped into the Middle East, where the chances of an explosion are in direct ratio to the buildup of arms?

More generally, is there no connection between the rapid deterioration of the world environment and the absence of a world agency with authority to prevent the progressive poisoning of both the oceans and the atmosphere? At the present rate of contamination, in perhaps fifteen years the oxygen-making function of the oceans could be seriously impaired. Long before that time, the increase of smoke and wastes in the air could result in a significant lowering of the Earth's temperature by reducing solar radiation and sunlight. Whether with respect to environmental or political world breakdown, therefore, there is an absolute need for effective world agencies to apply themselves to survival issues.

It is natural and commendable for governments to be concerned about the precarious situation of the diplomats. Some way must now be found to force the attention of the governments on the precarious condition of the human race —made precarious by the insistence of the governments on placing the national interest above the human interest. No other business before the United Nations in its twenty-fifth anniversary year is as important as this.

—N.C.

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A Carswell Postscript

The Presidency of the United States is or should be the rim that ties all the spokes of the American wheel together. It is or should be a station for the resolution of conflict, not the exacerbation of it. President Nixon's reaction to the Senate's rejection of Judge G. Harrold Carswell is contrary to that overarching function. In the very act of objecting to geographic factionalism, the President fostered it. In declaiming against unreasoning argumentation, the President exemplified it. In advancing the cause of respect for different viewpoints, the President retarded it. In condemning the use of pressure on individual Senators, he ignored the maximum pressure applied on those same Senators by the White House itself.

The President made it appear that Judge Carswell was rejected because he was a Southerner. This was not the issue. Nor was Judge Carswell's conservative bent a factor. Too many Southern and Republican Senators voted against confirmation to permit such interpretations. The central question that had been debated by the Senate, and that in the end caused most of the Senators, regretfully and reluctantly, to overturn the nomination, concerned Judge Carswell's qualifications. The failure of the President to recognize this basic fact does not facilitate the achievement of a reasonable political mood or the development of an effective consensus.

One does not have to be an advocate of Judge Carswell to deplore the personal and humiliating ordeal to which he has been subjected. The fact that the Administration exposed him to such an ordeal without anticipating its inevitability is an unhappy and indeed tragic error.

The present situation is not irretrievable. The President need not be chained to an error. There are at least nine Southern judges, some of them strict constructionists, who by integrity, ability, and stature are qualified to serve on the Supreme Court. It is not too late for the President to take statesmanlike and magnanimous action. The effect on the nation would be tonic.

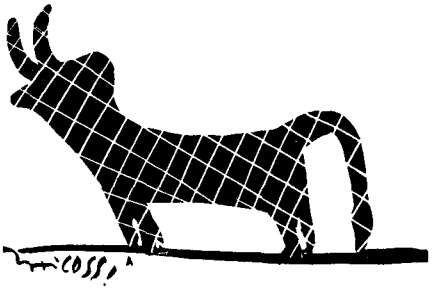
—N.C.

The Greatest Show on Earth

Considering the state of the world, one of the things that should have vanished long ago is the circus—an artifact of another age, seemingly as dated as the nickelodeon, the organ-grinder, and the parlor car. But the Greatest Show on Earth, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's extravaganza, is back again, touring the nation, and celebrating what it counts as its one hundredth year in business. It is still—for reasons perhaps all too new—The Greatest Show on Earth.

There was a time when we—or our fathers and grandfathers—went to the big top to see the marvels of the earth, the freaks and oddities, and to watch how men, through skill, daring, or sheer hyperbolic bravado, mastered wild animals, gravity, and even nature itself. It was a place to say "Wow!" without being abashed or ashamed, and if we were all suckers—there was, after all, one born every minute—we loved the role. We liked to believe, and the circus made believers of us. We were seeing the most daring aerialists, the biggest elephants, the fattest woman, the smallest midget, the most ferocious gorilla. In all that clowning, in those death-defying stunts, there was an essential sanity: the sanity of joy and wonder, and the order of ritual and pomp and beauty. The earth itself was the greatest show of wonders and delight.

Perhaps it is sheer sentimentality, but the circus is still a momentary stay against confusion, still—perhaps more now than ever—one of the sane places left on the globe. *Exceptional Equestrianistic Expertise*, says our program. *Crazy Carnival of Capricious Clowning*; *Triumphant Troupes of Thundering Thoroughbreds*; *Sensationalist of the Stratosphere*; *The Man That Fear Forgot*; *Bombast of Bareback Bravado*; *Elephant Fandango*; *Total Thrills on the Towering Trapeze*. We had forgotten the abundance of it—the sheer numbers, the color, the superfluity of acts and costumes, of attractions and distractions; how the eye shifts from ring to ring, and how the ear, accustomed to more sophisticated hustles and more devious rhetoric, settles comfortably and lovingly into the extravagant cadences of the ringmaster: "The baroness of balance—first time in America—the remarkable Rogana! . . . From Hungary! . . . From *Bulgaria*! . . . From Mexico! . . . The Hortobagyis! . . . The Malevoltis! . . . The Kazimir! . . . The Metchkaroffs! . . . The Flying Gaonas!" It all came back, stripped of complexity and ordered for understanding: The mysterious East; the ferocious Bengal tigers; the giant pachyderms. Sentimental, yes, but sentimentality for a world that could be loved without double-talk or hidden meanings, and therefore without reservation.



The circus, of course, is for children, and we took thirteen-year-old Andrew Schrag as our companion, but it also made a community of us in which age, experience, and verbal sophistication meant less than the ability to accept things—and to love them—for what they are. One might say, inadequately and perhaps incorrectly, that children are always sane, that only adults have the capacity to vilify, confuse, and destroy. But that would not be enough, because the sanity of the circus also highlights, by contrast, the utter horror of a world in which exotic places—Biafra or Cambodia or Laos—are better known for an interdependence of destruction than for the wonderful creatures that inhabit them. One begins to ask whether anything that is accepted as "modern" can reasonably accommodate not only the trained behavior of adults but the open lives of children; whether, in other words, there are still places where the instinct, curiosity, and sensibilities on which the circus thrives are safe.

It would be foolish to ask for the return of that older world; we know that circuses have also been assigned their political functions, that the most pernicious acts have been perpetrated in the search for an irretrievably lost innocence, and that the world has always had its violence and brutality. And yet, the ability to say "Wow!" is part of the capacity for life itself. The fact that the circus is one of the few places left where it can be said, and that saying it seems itself to be a little out of date, a bit wonderful, is an indication of what alienation really means. If the circus becomes the last refuge of sanity and order, the last place where adults and children can live together, then the world has indeed lost its mind.

—Peter Schrag.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Curzon and Szell, Restorers; Tucker, Tebaldi, Sutherland, and Price

As there is, even in a Beethoven year, no conceivable way in which a program bringing together an overture, concerto, and symphony of his can be construed in terms of novelty, there must have been something else that made such a recent evening in Philharmonic Hall uncommon. One reason, at least, was the presence of George Szell as conductor and Clifford Curzon as piano soloist. Theirs is a partnership that strikes fire, meshes gears, and otherwise communicates a kind of selfless interest in a composer's well-being. It has also become a brand name for the kind of restoring well known in the art world, but not so commonly associated with music.

On paper, the particular sequence Szell arranged meant nothing special or attention-alerting. In the concert hall, however, the beginning with *The Creatures of Prometheus* Overture and the ending with the Seventh Symphony, with the Fourth Concerto in between, was both special and attention-alerting. It was all major Beethoven in tonality (C, G, and A) and, if not unremittingly so in significance, carefully, consistently of greater weight and sonority as the evening progressed.

For all its individuality, the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven might also be described as the last of Mozart. In its intimacy, duality of emphasis, and distribution of prominence between solo instrument and orchestra, it looks backward, perhaps for the last time in concerto writing, to the impulses and considerations that animated the greatest half dozen of Mozart's. Shrewdly and purposefully, Szell prefaced it with the *Prometheus* Overture, one of the earliest works of the kind by Beethoven to endure, and lightly, tightly scored. Its zesty alternation of loud and soft, active and passive elements served ideally to prepare the orchestra for the chamber music participation Szell wanted in the concerto.

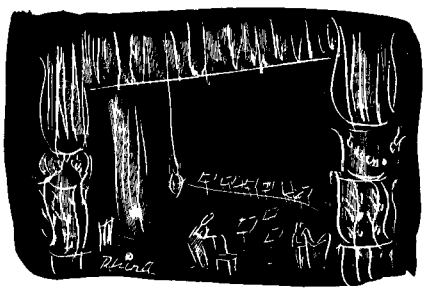
The beautifully detailed playing of the orchestral score was among the principal pleasures of the concerto, but it was less important as a factor on its own than as the backdrop on which could be displayed Curzon's musical finesse and his comprehension of the work's character. Also against the backdrop could be discerned some shadowy outlines of the firmly etched design that the late Artur Schnabel, with whom Curzon spent some formative years, repeatedly made of this work.

As interesting as the conformities, in Curzon's playing, to that design were the deviations. What Schnabel did with this work was, very likely, a paragon for Curzon, but it was remodeled, reshaped, and amended to accommodate his own decidedly different temperament. And, of course, his scale of sonorities is more restricted, emphatically less weighty, but also richer in color values, than Schnabel's. What the partners-in-restoration made of the opportunity for dialogue and discussion in the Adagio came to a kind of discourse rarely heard in any performance of it.

Describing a great Beethoven interpreter of another anniversary (1870) in a letter to a friend, Liszt utilized the punning possibilities of German to dub him a *"Kenner"* as well as a *"Könner."* Translation of these almost identical-sounding words into English being all but impossible, the same order of praise intended by Liszt can be applied to Szell and Curzon as "knowers" and "doers."

The allusion fitted somewhat less snugly Szell's effort in the succeeding symphony. The Seventh is among the most played of the nine, and its characterization by Wagner as "the apotheosis of the dance" is among the best known of Beethoven aphorisms. But Szell's penetrating eye for the score dealt less with its orgiastic rhythms than as a blueprint for the orchestra soon to be created by Berlioz.

With a conductor of less taste and discrimination, the resultant emphasis on percussion, on the wind band and its eruptive sounds, on momentum and movement in both the Allegretto and the Scherzo could only have been characterized as erratic and wilful. I found Szell's exposition (plainly justified by the markings in the score) more interesting than convincing, perhaps because the redistribution of emphasis tended to overstate the unexpected and understate the expected. Another year, let us hope, Szell will expound the same uncommon conception as part of a balanced totality rather than as an over-conspicuous end in itself.



As a late-season spectacular, the Metropolitan presented one of its annual constellations of stellar personalities to borrow the language of the other circus) in a benefit on behalf of its Benevolent and Retirement Funds. Readily recognizable in all their puissance were Joan Sutherland in the first act of *La Traviata,* Renata Tebaldi in the second act of *La Gioconda,* and Leontyne Price in the third act of *Aïda.* Less recognizable, but hauntingly familiar for all that, was the same tenor as the boulevardier Alfredo, the pilot prince Enzo Grimaldi, and the Egyptian warrior Radames. Thus did Richard Tucker climax, culminate, and otherwise summarize his twenty-fifth-anniversary season at the Metropolitan, in a range of roles from his very first (Enzo) to one of his most recent (Radames).

It would be stretching truth to say that Tucker has never sung better, for leading tenors—which he has been from the very first—must live upon their capital, however carefully they try to harbor their assets. Tucker has long been celebrated as one of the most abstemious of recent decades where vocal vices are concerned. Thus, if the natural attrition of more than four hundred performances at the Metropolitan alone has taken its toll of pristine tonal purity and vocal shine, he sang quite well enough for any first-time listener to discover just why he still ranks among the day's top tenors. For that matter, it is hard to think of one among them who could have taken this series of stints in sequence and done them all as well.

Among the notable occurrences of the occasion was Sutherland's Violetta, in whose ball gown she gave every evidence of welcome relief from the shrouds and shackles of the Druid Norma, which has been her sole, steady concern for weeks past. Never has she dressed any role so well in New York, or borne herself so becomingly. That she also sang well is nearly to be taken for granted, but this, too, had vivacity and life beyond her ordinary measure. Miss Sutherland also commended herself to the audience and set a precedent for the evening by falling into a deep curtsy beside Tucker during their curtain call, in homage to his illustrious career. He quickly drew her upright beside him, showering her with appreciative kisses on cheeks and hands. It was that kind of night.

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Defense Business Is Bad Business

by ELIOT JANEWAY

REPORT FROM WASTELAND: America's Military-Industrial Complex

by William Proxmire

Praeger, 248 pp., $6.95

Senator William Proxmire is well on his way to becoming an institution, commanding more confidence than the military-industrial complex he condemns in *Report from Wasteland* and formidable enough to pose an effective challenge to the power concentrated in it.

Not least among the many merits of this devastatingly documented book is the lucid explanation in it of how Proxmire's investigation of the Pentagon's presumptuousness has turned the tables on one of political Washington's most critical war fronts. When the Senator took on the fight, the Pentagon operated a government within a government, and its power base enjoyed insulation from not merely the grumblings but even the findings of critics. Today the burden of proof has been switched to the Pentagon. Responsible critics of the Department of Defense are no longer suspect, nor are they ineffectual.

Under the American system of divided powers it is axiomatic that Congress cannot govern, and it is also a foregone conclusion that any of its efforts to take over the irreducible prerogatives of the Executive branch will be doomed to failure. The rise of the late Senator Robert A. Taft, and the success of President Harry Truman in arranging Taft's subsequent fall, stand as a classic illustration of this ironclad rule of American governmental operations. Of course, its corollary—that no President can hope to govern without the active advice and willing consent of the Congress—is equally operative, as the rise and fall of President Lyndon Johnson demonstrates and as the present troubles of President Richard Nixon suggest.

Senator Proxmire is in no danger of losing perspective on the limitations of Congressional power. It is precisely because he understands clearly that investigation cannot take over administration, and that the power to audit and review is not the power to initiate and operate, that he has been so extraordinarily successful in re-enacting the story of David and Goliath, thereby changing the course of history and the balance of power.

"The Budget Bureau," Proxmire quotes Representative William Moorhead (Dem., Pa.) as saying, "trembles before the Defense Department while all other agencies tremble before the Budget Bureau." As recently as late last year it did. But, under the combined impact of Proxmire's revelations from the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue and the pressure from within the White House of former Presidential counselor Arthur Burns (now chairman of the Federal Reserve Board), Mr. Nixon himself has been won over to a belated acceptance of the fact that no coherent offensive against inflation can be mounted, much less won, unless it begins by rooting out the budgetary inflation that feeds upon the dry rot in the Pentagon.

In recognition of the justice as well as the practicality of Proxmire's findings and Burns's urgings, the President moved early this year to subject the Pentagon budget to scrutiny by the Budget Bureau as severe as that normally governing the appropriations claims of the Geodetic Survey, the Consular Service, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs. For the first time, the

ELIOT JANEWAY is the author of *Struggle for Survival* and *The Economics of Crisis.*

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Budget Bureau's presumed scrutiny of the Defense Department is now being subjected to actual White House scrutiny as well as to Congressional audit.

Proxmire's success in recruiting Nixon as an ally in his crusade to limit inflationary encroachment by the fiscal wasteland speaks eloquently for his dedication to Wisconsin's nonpartisan tradition. To understand Proxmire and the place he is making for himself in the history of his state and in the history of the Senate, it is well to remember he is the successor to Joseph McCarthy and that the seat which Joe McCarthy dishonored, and which Proxmire has restored to its historic dignity, is the one that was successively ennobled by Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., and Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr. McCarthyism, not only in its familiar depredations from the Right but also in its more subtle and hypocritical posturings by the Left, is built into our era of instant sensationalism and McLuhanized politics. But investigation which is scrupulous in its adherence to the highest standards of responsibility and recognizes the limits of power exercises a cleansing influence on our political life immeasurably more wholesome than the mere elimination of abuses.

By reporting the damning facts and by evidencing his faith in reason, Proxmire has added a new dimension to the investigatory role of the Senate, buttressing its ability to meet the continuing needs of the Cold War, which—like it or not—looks like remaining very much with us.

The traditional investigatory role of the Senate was established when war was still war, peace was peace, and everyone knew the difference. Thus, the political history of the Lincoln years was dominated by the tug-of-war between Lincoln and the Joint Committee on the Conduct of War (one of whose members, Senator Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, was—whether or not he knew it at the time—pioneering an investigative route across Pennsylvania Avenue to the Presidency). An equally momentous exercise of the war investigative powers of the Senate was institutionalized by Harry Truman, who parlayed his chairmanship of the Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program into the Vice-Presidential nomination in the one year in which it was worth having. Lyndon Johnson's use of his investigative subcommittee during the Korean War, while characteristically more obscure and devious, carried on a familiar procedure and squeezed it for familiar advantages in Congressional power politics.

The classic peacetime investigative operations of the Senate also fall into a readily recognizable category. The exposé of Teapot Dome is one obvious example, and the reconstruction of how Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall in Wall Street in 1929 is another. But, as I explained in *The Economics of Crisis*, our intellectual assumptions were formed and our institutions were structured in the old era that was dominated by the recurrent cycle of wars big enough to call for total mobilization and peace plausible enough to call off all forms of preparedness. Thanks to our heritage, we have been slow to adjust to the realities of this new era of war-in-peace, in which the absence of shooting no longer signifies the negotiation of conflict and the liquidation of military requirements, but the need to balance military requirements with national strategy and then to finance them.

Because we are still in the first generation of grappling with the changed character of the problem, and because investigation by definition lags behind administration as the indispensable check it is on maladministration, the excesses and the irresponsibilities of the new era of war-in-peace have eluded the reach of traditional Senate investigation. It is to Senator Proxmire's credit that his labors, along with those of Senators J. William Fulbright and Stuart Symington, have brought the Executive power of military decision-making back within the reach of Senatorial scrutiny.

Mr. Symington, who speaks with distinctive authority as the only ranking member of the Senate schooled in the work of the Foreign Relations Committee and steeped in the routine of the Armed Services Committee, has taught us to amend popular sloganizing about the military-industrial complex by addressing ourselves to the industrial-military-educational complex. Symington's realism is no doubt something of a shock to devotees of the cliché that considers the Pentagon the carrier of original sin and the campus the conduit of a state of grace. Just as the Cold War has blurred the traditional distinction between war and peace so the restructuring it has forced upon the American economic society has effected a de facto merger between a disturbingly high segment of the educational establishment and the Pentagon apparatus of procurement and patronage. Certainly, education no longer personifies the virgin virtues of peace at the opposite end of the moral and political spectrum from the business of war production. The simplicities of the popular liberal Devil theory of the Pentagon as the power base of the war party ignore the way in which history was made when Johnson stepped up the escalation of the war and set out on a collision course with Red China. While Secretary of State Dean Rusk prated like an instructor of neo-Haushofer geopolitics at a fresh-water military academy, Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, to his eternal credit, demonstrated the wisdom and, above all, the independence of advocacy that were needed in that tense situation to talk Johnson and his generals into taking a good hard look at where they were going in time to lead them back.

Proxmire's book itemizes Symington's warning that the bill of goods the educational establishment has sold to the Pentagon is every bit as pernicious as the money the Pentagon has lavished upon the educational establishment. "Of the top 500 defense contractors," Proxmire reports, "ninety-nine were educational institutions." Under cover of the fiction of an intellectualized Camelot staged by the Kennedys

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

IN RESIDENCE

Would you have known where to write to the real and imaginary people listed below if Elinor Barr of N. Hollywood, Cal., hadn't provided their addresses? She asks you to sort the mail and assign each to the author of a literary work in which he or she appears. The postal directory is on page 58.

1. George Apley ( )	A. Beacon St.	a. Balzac
2. Elizabeth Barrett ( )	B. Catfish Row	b. Rudolf Besier
3. Joe and Edith Chapin ( )	C. 10 N. Frederick St.	c. Dumas
4. Edmond Dantès ( )	D. Green Gables	d. Galsworthy
5. Fabrizio del Dongo ( )	E. Château d'If	e. DuBose Heyward
6. Jolyon Forsyte ( )	F. Ithaca	f. Homer
7. Friar John ( )	G. Kenilworth	g. J. P. Marquand
8. Penelope ( )	H. Fortress of Parma	h. L. M. Montgomery
9. Porgy ( )	I. Robin Hill	i. John O'Hara
10. Eugène de Rastignac ( )	J. Abbey of Thélème	j. Rabelais
11. Amy Robsart ( )	K. Maison Vauquer	k. Scott
12. Anne Shirley ( )	L. Wimpole St.	l. Stendhal

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—and notwithstanding Johnson's studied technique of confusing literacy with "Harvard" (which was always a catch-all epithet for the effete Eastern intellectual establishment in his political lexicon)—"the State of Massachusetts," Mr. Proxmire observes, "got a third of all contracts going to educational institutions and 15 per cent of the Pentagon awards to nonprofit institutions. There, the neo-academics who work for the research organizations located along the Boston bypass have the best of all worlds. By settling in Concord or Lexington, they can pre-

tend to be proper Bostonians, avoid the problems of the inner city, and enjoy the luxury of living on Pentagon subsidies. (Occasionally, they bite the hand that feeds them by protesting the establishment of a local ABM site when the reality of the work they do impinges too closely on their personal lives.)"

Little wonder that the fiscal crisis in which the Pentagon has involved both itself and its corporate contractors has now spread to the educational beneficiaries of its patronage, who are also the intellectual sponsors of its procurement methods and its operating system. (The new backlash of depression upon the book business is reflecting the contraction in the flow of Pentagon educational patronage in particular and Washington educational patronage in general.)

Robert S. McNamara is no longer Secretary of Defense, but his pretentious figure continues to stand at the center of the problem he created for the country when he undertook to buy the Pentagon an overdose of sophistication on campus and when he invited the educational establishment to undertake to sell an overdose of dogma to the Pentagon. As Senator Proxmire says, opinions about McNamara differ widely. If the Senator begins by taking McNamara at face value, he ends by cutting him down to size. Proxmire judges McNamara equally responsible with the President, the Budget Bureau, Congress, and the central accounting office for what he identifies as the major failure of the 1960s: the loss of civilian control over the military budget and all the power that swings with it.

The business schools have drilled the

(*Continued on page* 58)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Point Proven

THE RESPONSE from Verna M. Morley [BOOK FORUM, Apr. 4] to John Rechy's review of *Sal Si Puedes* and *La Raza: The Mexican-Americans* [*SR*, Mar. 14] is a beautiful confirmation of his thesis.

To summarily dismiss the Mexican-Americans as "uneducated pagan worshipers," to describe their language as "degenerate," to see the children as "tongue-tied, overwhelmed, frightened by everything" and their parents as "ignorant," is to provide a clear—albeit inadvertent—illustration of the Anglo bias that we, the Chicanos, have had to contend with for generations.

A message to Morley, *et al.*: Thanks for proving our point. Some of us survived your moral and psychological torture. Many more of us will—in spite of the dehumanizing obstacles placed in our path by you and other "teachers" like you.

FEDERICO SOUFLEE, JR.,
Houston, Tex.

THERE IS ONE INCIDENT not mentioned in John Rechy's article which took place in Palo Alto last October.

I refer to the remarks made by a judge presiding over the trial of a Mexican-American youth. Some of his slanderous statements were: "It is known that it is common among Mexicans to act like animals upon becoming fifteen. . . . Maybe Hitler was right. The animals that live in our society should be exterminated, because they have no right to live among human beings. . . . You're worse than animals and don't have the right to live in an organized society. . . . You are a miserable and rotten people."

SERGIO BARBOSA,
Orange, Calif.

The Plodder Survives

BENJAMIN DEMOTT'S REVIEW of James Dickey's *Deliverance* [*SR*, Mar. 28] digs deeper than most pronouncements to date, but still misses the novel's subtle core of meaning. Moreover, the statements that Mr. Dickey's "explosions" in poetry lead to no reflection, and that his first novel "scales down to entertaining, shoot-'em-up mindlessness," should not go unchallenged. In the author's own words, his narrative was intended as "a commentary on the threat of violence that is trembling near us every day of our lives." Violence not confined to isolated regions, but "ready to explode unexpectedly and horribly in every city street . . . and home."

It is no light thing to contradict so eminent a scholar as Professor DeMott, but unless I miss my guess Dickey in his poems has not been "living into the edge of force"—or the eye of the whirlwind—just for the fun of it, although zest for the engagement was certainly present. His real preoccupation, it strikes me, is in asserting and rediscovering the primal energy of the natural universe, counterposed to the increasingly effete and dangerous man-made world of technological "civilization." That is certainly the meaning one draws from the long poem "Sermon" comprising the lady preacher's valedictory message to her congregation, which is not even mentioned in Mr. DeMott's summation from the *Poems*. Again, in "The Driver" the theme apparently that those who turn from life are "haunted" by what Hart Crane called "presentiments/Of what the dead keep, living still. . . ." But the novel, which might well have been titled *Survival*, while it complements the *Poems*, goes much further in indictment of man's violence. DeMott to the contrary, the hero of the story is not the handsome, slickly efficient superman and pseudo-athlete, Lewis, but the average, unprepossessing plodder, Ed—who is Everyman. Lewis comes through the experience the four men share stripped of his surface and cruelly maimed. The soft-drink salesman, Ballinger, loses his life; the lightweight partygoer, Bobby, is destroyed as a human being. Only Everyman Ed survives when put to the test, intact in his manhood, and manages by the sheer force of primal necessity to save the physical lives of the other two along with his own.

LILLIAN B. GILKES,
Tryon, N.C.

I THOUGHT THE CRITICAL ANALYSIS of James Dickey and the "More Life" School was one of the most ridiculously distorted pieces of writing I've ever taken the time to peruse. So choked with verbiage, so vague in an evident attempt to be erudite, it appeared to me to be clearly not understandable. The "Encyclopedia of Appetition" is one volume I don't have in my library.

NETTIE R. OLSEN,
Overland Park, Kan.

Best Way for World Peace

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF:
Name: Jeanghuen Kim
Age: Born June 6, 1949
Hobbies: Collecting old coins
Collecting stamps

We younger generation here in Korea are earnestly wishing to keep a friendship with the people in your country. The exchange of postcards, pictures and stamps are certainly welcomed and moreover the exchange of ideas in the letters would be most excellent idea to learn things about your country.

To have a better understanding with each other is the best way for the world peace. Don't you think so?

JEANGHUEN KIM,
c/o Raifai Book Store
Sanjeang 2 Dong
Mokpo City, South Korea

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What Worries Chairman Mao

by O. EDMUND CLUBB

THE RISE OF MODERN CHINA, by Immanuel C. Y. Hsü (Oxford University Press, 830 pp., $14.50); **CHINA'S TURBULENT QUEST, by Harold C. Hinton** (Macmillan, 340 pp., $7.95); **CHINA AFTER THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION: A Selection from The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists** (Random House, 247 pp., $7.95); **THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA: The Next Decade, edited by A. Doak Barnett and Edwin O. Reischauer** (Praeger, 250 pp., $7.50; paperback, $2.95)

A century ago the "community of nations" was assumed by Occidental political theorists to comprise a limited number of Christian states, which by their own accepted conventions were sovereign and legally "equal" one to the other. China, and other Asian states, did not belong to that exclusive club. Ironically, imperial China itself cared not at all to be judged equal. According to Confucian belief the Chinese emperor was the legitimate ruler of the universe. Admittedly, certain "barbarians" had not yet become sufficiently enlightened to adopt Confucian truth and accept Chinese rule; but eventually, in the natural course of events, they would *lai hua*, come and be changed—to the Chinese Way. This idea was in direct conflict with the Western assumption that it was China that needed enlightenment and would change in the end. In those circumstances little understanding was possible between the two civilizations.

Now, a new day has dawned in the field of international affairs. The organization of the League of Nations on a global basis after World War I and the participation in the United Nations of many ex-colonies as independent sovereign states have been expressions of the new era. Nevertheless the situation contains a striking anomaly: China is not only still outside the U.N. community, but there is much evidence suggesting that Communist China, even as imperial China, demands universal recognition of the superiority of its ideological and cultural values. Mutual understanding between China and the rest of the world is yet to be attained.

Thanks to the assiduous efforts of scholars around the world, however, an increasing number of penetrating analyses of China's history and society, and of the Chinese psyche, are becoming available, and we are getting to know China better. The work by Professor C. Y. Hsü, for one, makes an important contribution to our background knowledge of the subject. *The Rise of Modern China* is not a book for the general public: its scope is too extensive, and there is too great a mass of detail regarding complicated political, economic, and social developments for ready comprehension by the uninitiated. But the study will probably be extremely useful in college courses, for which it would seem well designed.

Dr. Hsü is the author of an earlier work, *China's Entrance Into the Family of Nations* (1960). There, he concluded that China "had realistically, if also painfully," assumed its place in the community of nations by 1880. But that was true only in a formal sense, and Hsü in the end remarked that "it was only through necessity, not free choice, that China had entered the world community." Looking at the rise of Communist China, he wondered "whether the 'universal' state and the tributary system of the past have not been revived in a modern form."

In the present work Hsü is concerned with the "shaping forces" that operated on China during its modern, formative period, dating effectively from the Opium War (1839-42). He sees one such force in China's search for means of survival in the new world in which it found itself after strangers from the outside had callously broken into the nation's exclusive society.

The author treats extensively the impact of Western "barbarians" on China in the nineteenth century. He rightly remarks that, in the final analysis, the opium trade was not the cause of the Opium War; "Far deeper than the opium question was the incompatibility of the Chinese claim to universal overlordship with the Western idea of national sovereignty. . . ." And during the era of "unequal treaties" introduced by a series of military defeats administered to China, one sees a wavering struggle by the decaying Manchu régime to reconcile new knowledge, technology, and political forces with traditional Chinese beliefs. What was the blocking factor in the problem? The Chinese ideologues desired to "modernize" in a manner that would enable the state to regain wealth and power while the society retained the essence of "Chineseness." That was the task undertaken in the "self-strengthening" movement after 1860. The effort, however, failed lamentably to regenerate the régime, and ended in the 1911 Revolution.

The revolutionary situation naturally evoked fresh thinking, and Hsü traces the intellectual currents of the critical first two decades of the twentieth century. But the record is one of clashing forces, influenced on occasion by foreign elements, and the task of adjustment had still not been basically accomplished when, after yet another foreign as well as civil war, the Communists came to power.

The Communist period of China's history is notoriously "controversial," and Hsü's treatment of contemporary developments must upon occasion be adjudged controversial. I hold this to apply to his handling of the Stilwell case, Nationalist-Communist relations and China's war effort, and Peking-Moscow relations from 1960 to 1969. Nevertheless, his conclusion, set forth in a brief epilogue, represents a sober, logical election of one of the alternatives posed in the Chinese dilemma. Hsü considers that the revolt of the Chinese against both the outside world and their own past is to be deemed a function of the nation's transitional revolutionary stage. "But once China's sense of injury at the hands of foreign powers is mollified by the achievement of big-power status, industrialization, and nuclear power, a more responsible and more realistic appraisal of her position vis-à-vis the rest of the world will be in order."

That same search by China for a suitable place in the world is suggested by the title of the new book by Harold C. Hinton, *China's Turbulent Quest*. Professor Hinton, author of *Communist China in World Politics* (1966), analyzes China's foreign relations since the Communists took power in 1949. His book displays a sure grasp of the complicated history of the Communist period and a refreshing readiness to speculate about possible factors underlying various developments still veiled

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a writer and lecturer, is the author of *Twentieth-Century China*.

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by mystery, and to offer bold interpretations of significance of events. Hinton's speculations are recognizable as such, and his boldness enriches his book. There is, however, a structural fault to be noted: the author's device of dividing the work into three parts, with the second devoted to analyzing more fully some developments already treated, inevitably results in undesirable repetition.

Hinton places a major stress on the role of Mao Tse-tung and Maoism in Chinese policy formulation and implementation in both domestic and foreign affairs. According to Hinton's thesis, Mao's increased absolutism from 1955 on has not enhanced his authority as leader of the Chinese nation, for his errors have brought national disillusionment in their train. Under Mao, China has striven for "modernization, after its own fashion"; and the country has in addition "an immense felt need for prestige, for universal acceptance of Peking's self-image. . . ."

But Maoist aspirations have often outrun Maoist achievements. Hinton, in striking the balance sheet, finds failures in the realm of Peking's foreign policy. There have been errors in both perception and action, especially during the period of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (GPCR), when "Red Guard diplomacy" (some call it "Boxer diplomacy") alienated foreign support without achieving countervailing gains. Hinton concludes that, on the whole, the prospects favor the maintenance of "a reasonable degree of national unity" and the restoration of a central administration, "probably with a military and bureaucratic flavor." In China's foreign policy, he holds, a strong Maoist flavor will be retained "for the sake of legitimacy, unity, and continuity," but that element will likely not be permitted to thwart an increased reliance on state action instead of revolutionary militancy.

Thus Hinton, like Hsü, clearly suggests that, with the ebbing of the violent emotions attending the GPCR, China has decided to fit into the world community on the proffered terms—acceptance of existing international law and the present world political and economic order. This would be a return to the spirit of 1880. But, as remarked by Dr. Hsü, China on that occasion gave its agreement only because the goal of universal hegemony was discovered to be beyond reach. The "adjustment" thesis must for the moment be accepted only tentatively.

Estimates of the significance of the Maoist Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution are set forth in *China After the Cultural Revolution*, a compendium of articles on different aspects of that earth-shaking phenomenon, written by a dozen able analysts of the China scene and first published in a special issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. The complexity of the task facing the analysts is suggested by W. A. C. Adie, who observes: "One cause of the present confusion in China is that traditional double-talk and opportunism, codified into the Maoist jargon all have been forced to learn, created a semantic fog in which even the Chinese did not know whose side they were on, who was winning, which way to switch, or when. The flood carried them along." Certain things derive naturally from induced chaos: "One of the revelations of the Cultural Revolution is that Mao had not really achieved a high degree of central control in China at all." Sketching the economic and social polarizations induced under Mao's rule, Adie remarks that Maoism has been transformed "from an integrative into a disintegrative formula. . . ." There has been an ideological split between "the revivalist attitude of the dispossessed and the search of the bureaucrats and the 'new class' for stability. . . ."

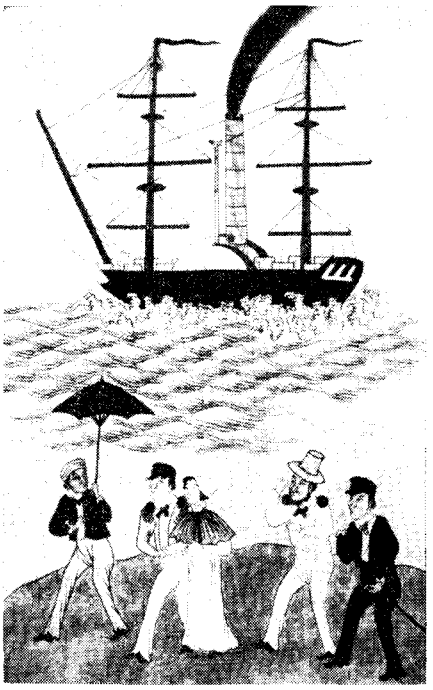
Again it was foreign policy that attracted the greatest attention, for these writers, too, were desirous of ascertaining whether, and how, China will fit into the world of the latter twentieth century. There is agreement with the theorem advanced by Hinton that China, after acting with reckless violence in the field of foreign affairs during the GPCR, has turned again to moderation; "Boxer diplomacy" had brought no gains, only losses. But several writers point to the Chinese animosity toward both the United States and the Soviet Union, and cast doubts on the permanence of Peking's renewed policy of peaceful coexistence. Richard Harris, Far Eastern specialist of the London *Times*, asks the pertinent question: "Is it not probable that Mao has no positive desire for friendly relations with anyone?" For, as Harris suggests, Mao still dreams of world revolution, and while he lives he "is not going to be put off by his apparent failure to win a world following for his revolutionary leadership."

Premier Chou En-lai is quoted as saying, with reference to the matter of a U.N. seat for China, "China can wait." That may be true for the particular question, but it is not as true generally as Peking's leaders would have the world believe. As noted by Professor Robert F. Dernberger, in the present volume, the introduction of communes in 1958 not only failed to solve China's agricultural problem but "seriously increased the tension among China's leaders. . . ." The GPCR was a direct descendant of Mao's 1958 Great Leap Forward, and it had equally disastrous results for the "modernization" process. Looking at the concrete results, Dernberger judges Mao's development program to be "bad sociology as well as bad economics." Time does not work inexorably for Chinese ends regardless of mistaken policies.

The quest for insight into the meaning of Chinese events was pursued in March of last year at a conference held in New York under the auspices of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations. Those who wish to may now vicariously participate in that meeting, for the thirty-four presentations, together with a record of the subsequent discussion, are contained in *The United States and China: The Next Decade*. As suggested by the title, the over-all concern of the gathering was Sino-American relations and the potential for the years ahead. Apart from that, however, the different panels focused on a variety of topics, with the political element dominant.

The brief initial presentations by the panelists reflected a wide spectrum of attitudes, ranging from sympathy to overt hostility toward the Chinese People's Republic. The vast differences in appreciation of that country led one panelist to comment that "it seems that there are as many Chinas as observers of China." Opinions were voiced that Mao Tse-tung is moved by a "Promethean urge," that he aims at creating permanent revolution, and that his recent leadership has brought chaos to the country.

One observer contended that the Chinese have not yet decided whether



—From "The Rise of Modern China."

Chinese painting of the arrival of an early European steamboat in Canton.

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it is in the Chinese national interest to participate in international organizations, or how much reliance to place on the international system as a whole. Professor Richard Walker put the matter somewhat differently: "The problem of bringing China's traditional agrarian society into the mainstream of today's world has not been solved."

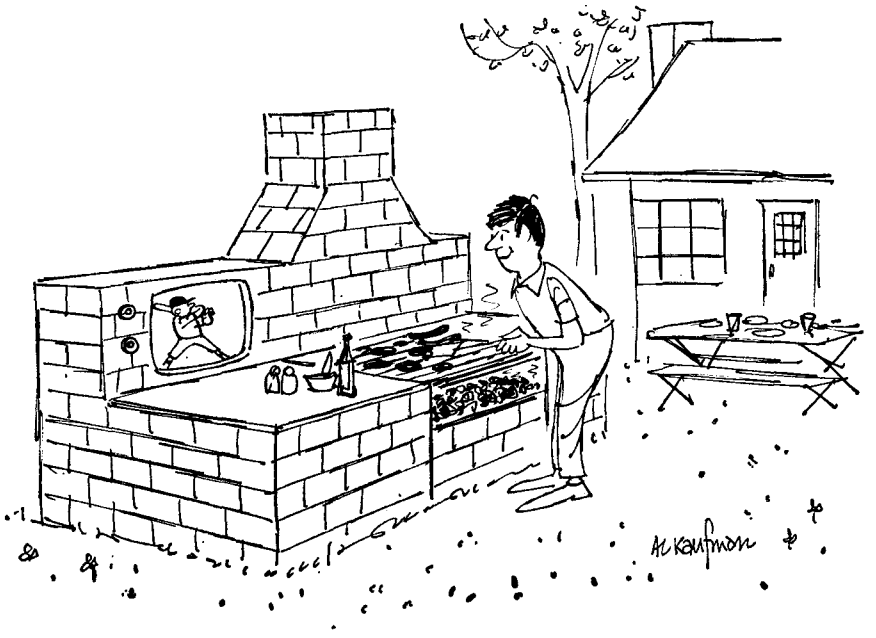
Several persons referred to the eventual death of Mao Tse-tung. What comes after, given especially the division in the Chinese leadership—a division brought about in good measure by Chairman Mao himself in the pursuit of his "permanent revolution"? The economists painted a picture of national weakness. As Professor Alexander Eckstein graphically put it, China has "a small economy in a vast country."

One might legitimately conclude from the findings of this convocation, as well as from the previously cited volumes, that China has not yet achieved that "modernization" which spells material power, or in fact even decided whether "self-strengthening" (the Peking Communists use the equivalent phrase "self-reliance") will permit attainment of that goal. Its leadership seems wed to a chauvinistic approach similar to but more radical than that of the Confucian Chinese in the past: the Maoists would not only retain a Chinese essence but would invent new "Chinese" political forms and power techniques to the exclusion of "alien" elements.

This circumstance reflects the second major aspect of the present situation: China under Mao does not propose to join the world on the world's terms, but instead argues that a revolutionary movement governed by Maoism is destined to sweep "American imperialists" and "Soviet revisionists" alike into the dustbin of history, and mark the advent of a new universalism in the Chinese pattern.

Mao's China, then, is not yet ready to accept the idea of a world of sovereign states in which it is no more "equal" than others. But here one turns, as have so many contributors to the volumes under review, to the matter of Mao's mortality. His death, which cannot be far off, may well prove critical. Mao is of the pattern of other great Chinese reformers who have preceded him, have tried to change everything in their short lifetimes, and failed, to be followed in power by soberer men. There is an ingrown tendency on the part of Americans particularly to assume that the current ruler of China, be he a Chiang Kai-shek or a Mao Tse-tung, is a true personification of the nation. That assumption is far from the actuality. Mao's successor will inevitably be a quite different man—which, of course, is just what worries Chairman Mao.

It should worry the rest of us somewhat less. In theory, that successor might indeed be even more "revolutionary" than Mao himself. But since China has failed either to achieve strength through modernization or to win a host of alien converts to the doctrine of Maoism, and is challenged in its universalist aspirations by both the United States and the Soviet Union, the next Chinese leadership will probably be distinctly less messianic than that of the man who knew only revolution. And what will happen when China has attained a position of wealth and power? If the world's nations have not by that time developed a greater community of interests and organization, another Chinese leader might turn once more to the concept of the universal state as satisfying the immanent will of history.



A PAGAN PLACE

by Edna O'Brien

Knopf, 234 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Patricia MacManus

■ At one point the youthful narrator of Edna O'Brien's tale recollects a jittery vigil in the country dusk: "You tried to whistle. Only men should whistle. The Blessed Virgin blushed when women whistled and likewise when women crossed their legs. It intrigued you thinking of the Blessed Virgin having to blush so frequently." This is in holy Ireland, where the Mother of God is ever on the alert. At the same time other forces lie in wait, sheltering in places like the fort of dark trees you skirted on the way to school: "It was a pagan place and circular. Druids had their rites there long before your mother and father or his mother and father or her mother and father or anyone you'd ever heard tell of. . . . You were afraid of Druids. You had things to fear from the living and from the dead." This is pagan Ireland, refusing to stay decently buried.

Hallowed and unhallowed Ireland both pervade this lambent narrative as it traces the passage from girlhood to womanhood of the recollecting "you." And not the least of the wizardry here is the deftly controlled use of that hazardous second-person singular, involving the reader from the opening passage: "Manny Parker was a botanist, out in all weathers, lived with his sister that ran the sweetshop, they ate meat Fridays, they were Protestants. Your mother dealt there, found them honest." Altogether, in fact, the style of *A Pagan Place* is so organic to its total design that synopsizing the action —an overworked custom, at best—would do the book a distinct injustice. The artfully artless manner of the telling, the pared-to-the-bone prose, and the richly comic overtones generate the novel's particular illumination, and it's of a high intensity.

The locale is an Irish farming village (such as Edna O'Brien was apparently reared in), but its inhabitants are no nest of simple folk. Evoked in the variousness of their virtues, frailties, and oddities, they comprise humanity in its many guises. At one extreme there was your much-loved mother, who "often dreamed that she was back in New York and was grieved to find herself in the blue room with the uncultivated hills and the boring fields around her. The hills were old mountains that had lost their peaks and that is why she often said she felt as old as the hills." And at the other extreme there was the dashing young priest, home on holi-

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day, who drew you into a nightmarish physical encounter "while you thought of him in his gold vestments and him in his cassock going through the village. . . ."

Revealed almost entirely through the summoning up of persons and events, the nameless recollector gradually emerges with a full-dimensional identity. She is a wryly sage innocent, eager for life, responsive to things visible and accepting of things invisible, whether sacred or profane. Lenient to the quixotries of adults she nonetheless grows in her own certainties, and when the moment of decision ultimately arrives she unhesitatingly steps to the threshold of what may or may not be her destined future. There we take leave of this beguiling *rara avis*—a perceptive happy and very funny girl.

To my mind, *A Pagan Place* is Edna O'Brien's finest book. Her five previous novels, which have won her something of a transatlantic reputation (she now lives in London), were notable for their stylistic dazzle and earthy explorations of women in pursuit of love. They all had considerable dramatic force, but I, for one, felt that the material didn't always live up to the compelling artistry lavished on it (as, for example, in *August Is a Wicked Month*). With this work, however, manner and matter serve each other beautifully.

Patricia MacManus is a free-lance literary critic.

THE PATAPHARIS AFFAIR

by Suzanne Prou, translated from the French by Milton Stansbury

Regnery, 192 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Laurent LeSage

■ Doubtless old ladies with propensities towards mythomania have always existed. They are not uncommon in literature. If the one we find here seems engagingly real, perhaps it is because she is presented in a novel expertly written according to the new French formula for fiction.

As we open the book we enter her consciousness and, until we put it down, we see the world with her eyes, reconstruct it with her memory. The author does not tell us that this old lady met Madame Soulas and asked after their fellow club member, Madame P. The old lady tells us so, but as if reconstructing the scene for herself in her mind. This Madame P. seems not to be well, and her physical ailments are aggravated by worry over her daughter, Christine, who has a boy friend Monsieur P. does not approve of, as well as worry over her younger son, who has flunked his exams, and over her older son, who is on the stage acting in some play that ridicules religion.

As our old lady ruminates about this gossip concerning the P. family, she suddenly realizes she knows nothing at all about Monsieur P. She discusses the P.'s with Mademoiselle Pons and gets a different version of Christine's situation; talking with Madame Astruc, she gains a first impression of what Monsieur P. is like. As the narrative progresses and her impression undergoes drastic modifications, we begin to suspect that what is going on in the old lady's mind may not be recollection but invention. From that point we have two pictures before us: what the old lady sees, and the old lady herself in the act of seeing. The former gives us an adventure to watch, a do-it-yourself domestic tragedy with a choice of murders; the second, the tragicomic spectacle of a mind going berserk.

The technique strongly recalls that of some of the better known practitioners of the *nouveau roman*, such as Robert Pinget, who specializes in stories that twist and turn through deranged minds, and Nathalie Sarraute, whose characters carry on a crazy subconversation while on the surface they are uttering only the politenesses of social exchange. Suzanne Prou's old lady knows when she is fabricating—at least at first—and pathetically tries to keep her balance. But too many stories about the P. family, too many clues, too many conversations, real or imaginary, swirl about her, and she is swept off in the torrent. We would weep for her if she were not so funny, this dotty old spinster whose "investigations" are brought to a halt by a funeral that is no myth. Before we have time to ponder the problem the *nouveau roman* always poses—what actually did happen?—she is off again, but the novel is over.

It is a good novel, even without the enhancements of a big prize in France, a translation by a distinguished professor, and its demonstration of new French techniques in fiction. The story, I should say, could appeal to everyone; for those who live alone and sometimes worry about how a slice of ham got in the handkerchief drawer, it might be a veritable exorcism.

Laurent LeSage is author of "The French New Novel," published by Penn State Press.

PORTRAIT OF INDIA

by Ved Mehta

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 544 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Linda Hess

■ Trying to summarize Ved Mehta's book in a few paragraphs seems nearly as overwhelming as trying to summarize all of India in the same space. That's how well he has succeeded in illuminating the Subcontinent in his panoramic *Portrait of India*, a book that has fascinated, entertained, moved, and very much edified me.

Mehta is, for one thing, a dauntless explorer. Not content to interview politicians in Delhi about the Sino-Indian border dispute, he travels all along the northern frontiers, sketching the shapes and colors of the land, the faces and dwellings of the people, tasting their food and dancing to their music, probing the issues that pit them against each other or unite them against a common enemy, whether it be the Chinese army or the Indian government.

He helps inaugurate a new primary school in the jungles of the North East Frontier Agency, parleys with the queen of a secessionist tribe in Nagaland (where headhunting is now almost extinct), climbs to an outpost in the frozen desert of Ladakh, where Indian soldiers, accustomed to tropical climates, struggle for breath at 12,000- to 18,000-foot altitudes as they defend that strategic wasteland. He journeys to the veiled kingdoms of Bhutan and Sikkim, the hippy-besieged capital of Nepal, and the Himalayan headquarters of Tibet's exiled Dalai Lama.

With millions of other pilgrims he bathes in the sacred confluence of the Ganga and Yamuna rivers during Kumbha Mela, a religious extravaganza that occurs only once in twelve years. He attends a birth-control rally in Delhi, makes the rounds of a leper camp in Calcutta, visits musicians, filmmakers and writers, travels by gondola like shikara, helicopter, elephant, or yak as the terrain requires.

But don't think Ved Mehta is merely a journalistic adventurer. He is also a canny political observer and a skillful recounter of history. An enormous amount of research supports the reportage in *Portrait*, so that by the time Mehta questions Sant Fateh Singh about Punjabi Suba, or Khwaja Mujahid about the theft of Mohammed's hair, or Jayaprakash Narayan about Gandhi's *sarvodaya*, we've been given centuries' worth of religious and political background, and we understand how these men and the movements they represent are important to millions of Indians.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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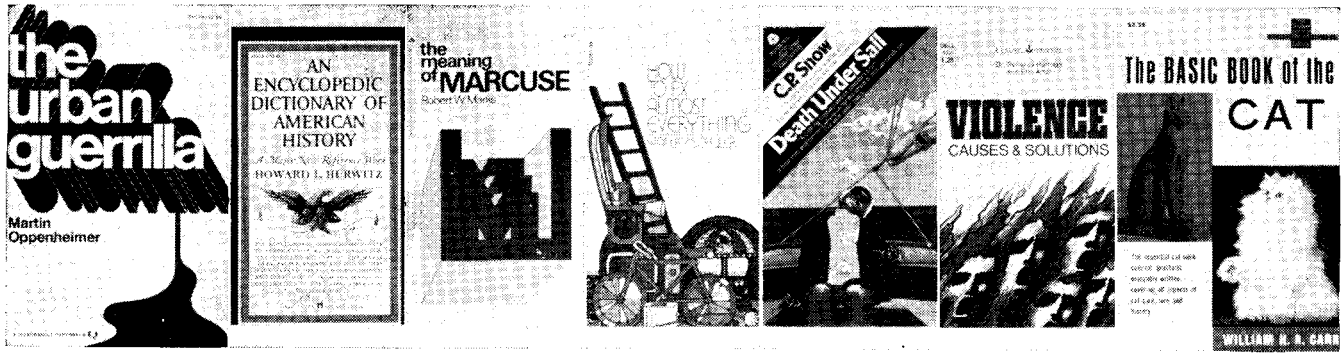

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Once in a while a national commission report appears that demands not merely to be noted but to be read. Such a book is *To Establish Justice, To Insure Domestic Tranquility* (Bantam, $1.45), by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. After the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert F. Kennedy, President Johnson called upon Dr. Milton Eisenhower to head a committee of leading scholars and 200 field researchers appointed to explore the varieties and meaning of violence. The statistics are familiar but still astounding: "In the last seven years, while the population of this country was rising some 10 per cent, crime in the United States rose a staggering 88 percent. . . . the brutal society that now flourishes in the core cities of America will annex the affluent suburbs. This nation will then be what it is fast becoming—an armed camp of 200 million Americans living in fear." *New York Times*-man James Reston notes in his introduction: "The record suggests that the American people are better at committing crime than reading about it." We can only hope that for once he's wrong.

"The Bust Book" (Evergreen, $1.25) isn't for everyone. The activist's manual subtitled "What to Do Until the Lawyer Comes," offers "legal first aid," along with practical advice on how to protect your face against a Mace attack and what not to carry in a demonstration (no nail files or penknives—you could be charged with possessing a dangerous weapon). A first private printing of 10,000 copies sold out immediately. Since then the authors have gone underground. The best known of the group, which includes Eleanor Raskin, Brian Glick, and Gustin Reichbach, is Kathy Boudin, believed to have escaped from the explosion in the Greenwich Village townhouse.

With C. P. Snow's *Last Things*, the concluding novel in his *Strangers and Brothers* cycle, to be published this summer, there's a certain symmetry in the appearance in paperback of Snow's "first thing." *Death Under Sail*, a mystery story (Avon 95¢), originally appeared in 1932, when the author was twenty-six. It's notable not only as marking Snow's breakaway from his first love, science, but also for its considerable virtues as a typical stylized whodunit of the era. . . . To some a rather more surprising and to all a hugely satisfying reissue is *The Privateer* (Signet, 95¢), a neat, swashbuckling fictional biography of Sir Henry Morgan, the greatest pirate of them all. The author was the late Josephine Tey (whose real name was Elizabeth Mackintosh), beloved for such ingenious and re-readable mysteries as *The Franchise Affair, Miss Pym Disposes,* and *The Daughter of Time.* Most Tey fans haven't heard of *The Privateer* because it was first published under another pseudonym, Gordon Daviot. Theater buffs may know that in 1933 John Gielgud starred in *Richard of Bordeaux*, about Richard II—by Gordon Daviot.

Rollene W. Saal

Rebellion

Herbert Marcuse, favorite philosopher of young revolutionaries, once modestly remarked that "there are very few students who have really read me, I think. . . ." For those who would like to know what Marcuse is all about, Dr. Robert W. Marks, New School of Social Research philosophy professor, offers some clear guidelines in *The Meaning of Marcuse* (Ballantine, $1.25). While Marks suggests that Marcuse is "an almost unintelligible writer," he extracts enough of the essence to clarify Marcuse's appeal to idealists weary of a technological society that seems unresponsive to their demands for change.

Jerry Rubin, one of the Chicago Eight, a vociferous and angry leader, needs no interpreter. He shouts for action on every page of *Do It!* (Simon & Schuster, $2.45). The language is rough and so are the ideas, though in some of his more extravagant plans for after the revolution there lies an absurd humor. "The White House will become a crash pad for anybody without a place to stay in Washington. . . . The Pentagon will be replaced by an LSD experimental farm. . . . Barbers will go to rehabilitation camps where they will grow their hair long." More to the point, Rubin writes: "I support everything which puts people into motion, which creates a disruption and controversy, which creates chaos and rebirth." Eldridge Cleaver provides the properly unorthodox introduction.

In *Violence: Causes and Solutions* (Dell, $1.25) Dr. Renatus Hartogs and Eric Artzt have gathered articles from sociologists and psychologists, evolutionists and environmentalists, who have put their collective heads together to come up with some reasonable explanations for a catastrophic atmosphere in which gang killings and Presidential assassinations flourish.

Martin Oppenheimer's somewhat turgid *The Urban Guerrilla* (Quadrangle, $2.45) has a kind of slow-growing fascination. Oppenheimer, who calls himself a "domestic radical," explains the details and necessities of concentrated terrorist activities in large cities and projects an eventual and inevitable city-based revolt.

Information Please

Of course you can do it, coaxes Stanley Schuler, who writes encouraging little books called *How to Fix Almost Everything* and *How to Grow Almost Everything* (Pocket Books, 75¢ each). The "Fix" book, neatly alphabetized from Acoustical Tile to Zippers, is designed to prod even the laziest to mend doorbells, marble tables, galoshes. One perplexing bit of advice, however, comes under B for Bone: "Coat both edges with Duco cement and clamp together for six hours." Better just call the doctor.

The "Grow" book explains how to

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cope with nature in such general terms as pruning and transplanting, as well as in such specifics as dealing with the special needs of several dozen plants. Mr. Schuler would be a handy man to have around.

Gardening Handbook (Fawcett Gold Medal, 95¢), by New York Botanical Garden horticulturist T. H. Everett, is a recently revised edition of a well-known guide to all manner of growing things. Mr. Everett knows about groundcovers (how about "creeping myrtle"?), rock gardens, pool plants, and such unmentionables as weeds and bugs. In *Our Northern Shrubs* (Dover, $3.75) Harriet Keeler is more concerned with how to identify what has already grown. The 240 illustrations and carefully scientific descriptions of berries, cherries, and brambles will help anyone to pick his way through the briarpatch.

Dr. Samuel Johnson had a cat named Hodge, for whom, wrote Boswell, "he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants having that trouble should take a dislike to the poor creature." That's only one of the tidbits of feline lore in William H. A. Carr's *The Basic Book of the Cat* (Scribners, $2.25), which covers the breeds from Russian Blue to Domestic Short Hair (plain kittycat), diseases, and how to figure out when a pregnant cat will have her kittens. Useful, of course, only if you have a cat.

New and recommended as desk additions and to solve arguments are Howard L. Hurwitz's *An **Encyclopedic** Dictionary of American History* (Washington Square Press, $1.45), which lists some 2,500 items on what's been happening in this country from the Boston Tea Party to the Moon Walk, and *Kings, Rulers and Statesmen* (Bantam, $1.25), compiled and edited by L. F. Wise and E. W. Egan, in which the Tudors and the Stuarts, the Hohenzollerns and the ancient rulers of Judea are all present and accounted for, complete with dates and lines of succession.

An Atlas of North American Affairs (Barnes & Noble, $2.50), by D. K. Adams and H. B. Rodgers, explains in map and text the facts about population, highways, air routes, climate, vegetation); well, nearly all one might want to learn about this continent.

Today's Church

One of the major concerns among churchmen today is the degree to which the Catholic Church is responsive to increasingly active liberal movements. For his timely book, *Exploding Church* (Delta, $2.45), Frederick Franck asked sixty-five progressives—priests, nuns, theologians, scholars—certain pivotal questions about papal infallibility, the confessional, celibacy, divorce, abortion. Their answers provide a strong and varied picture of the religious ferment. In *The Most Defiant Priest* (Signet, 95¢) Father Anthony Girandola tells his own highly emotional tale of early years in the priesthood, vague feelings of dissatisfaction, and the marriage that led to his excommunication. What is most interesting is Father Girandola's insistence on continuing to speak as a priest of the true Church.

The Pelican Guide to Modern Theology (2 vols., $2.25 each), the first two books in a projected three-volume work, does a first-rate job of surveying the range of contemporary religious thought. In Vol. I, *Systematic and Philosophical Theology*, editor William Nicholls defines theology as simply "the science of thinking about God," and then nimbly pursues the thought processes of such venerables as Karl Barth, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Paul Tillich. J. Daniélou, A. H. Couratin, and John Kent in the second volume, *Historical Theology*, offer background in classical church dogma and ecclesiastical tradition.

The Judgment of the Dead (Scribners, $2.95) leans upon anthropology, archeology, and comparative religion in its exploration of the concept of an afterlife and of the "post-mortem judgment." British religious historian S. G. F. Brandon maintains that these ideas "constitute the ultimate authentication of the traditional ethic of Western society," and reflects upon the moral overtones of the decline of belief in immortality in our current existentialist culture.

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Portrait of India

Continued from page 35

Without unduly retarding the narrative flow, Mehta weaves in a great deal of diverse information. Besides history he includes geography, mythology, anthropology, esthetics, and much material on caste, religion, agriculture, industry, and education. Such data can of course be found in other, more specialized sources. But here it is always linked with living scenes and situations, and forms part of the very large fabric which Mehta is weaving.

What of the justice of Mehta's observations? I have been in many of the places he describes, and not once in more than 400 pages was I jarred by a flagrant oversimplification or a stagey exaggeration. I began half expecting a spotty overview, sophisticated no doubt (Mehta has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1961), but perhaps alienated from the Indian scene, perhaps condescending. It soon became clear, however, that the author respected the magnitude of his task. Again and again I stopped to admire his thoroughness, his willingness to linger, to participate in the daily activities and concerns of his subjects.

There is bound to be controversy about his presentation of such touchy issues as the status of Kashmir or of the McMahon Line (purportedly defining the Sino-Indian boundary). A great many prominent Indians appear in the book, and no doubt complaints will arise about how some of them are portrayed. I could pick a small quarrel here and there, but my overriding impression is of fairness and humbleness, clarity and skill.

I feel frustrated in being unable to quote any of the fine passages in which the book abounds. I wish I could introduce you to some of the deftly delineated minor characters: the charming guide in Delhi, the jovial administrator in Pusi Bango, the deadpan Punjabi major who tells Mehta to say "Birdie" when a Chinese intelligence agent armed with rifle and camera pops out from behind a rock in Sikkim (Mehta says "Cheese").

You will find your own favorites. In closing I particularly recommend the splendid "Theft of Mohammed's Hair" and the powerful group of essays on Calcutta under the heading "City of Dreadful Night."

Linda Hess is a free-lance writer and former Fulbright scholar in India.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1394

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1394 will be found in the next issue.

. . . FNJ NRUFMPE MS IDFRMIU

OIXJP FNJ UHDE MS XJUBM-

FRUQ RU IM QMPJ FNDI D

YMVVJYFRMI MS DIJYXMFJU.

—IRYMVDU YNDQSMPF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1393

All I care to know is that a man is a human being—that is enough for me; he can't be any worse.

—Mark Twain.

A VIEW FROM NEW DELHI: Selected Speeches and Writings

by Chester Bowles

Yale University Press, 268 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Louis J. Walinsky

■ Chester Bowles's *A View from New Delhi* is not, as might be expected, a backward look by a recently retired ambassador after the unusual experience of a second and long period of Ambassadorship (1963-1969) in the same country where he had served during the 1950s. It is a collection of some twenty-six speeches, articles, and columns in an official newspaper, delivered or published from 1963 to 1969. Such a work is inevitably subject to two infirmities: some of the material is outdated and, since all of it was prepared in an official capacity, certain inhibitions in the choice of subjects and in the manner of treatment were obviously operative. For example, Bowles could not very well deal publicly with such questions as the developing split within India's ruling Congress Party, or the shifting social and political forces as they shaped themselves around basic and sometimes intractable economic problems. These inhibitions were nevertheless not emasculating. Some of the earlier pieces still have relevance, and much of Bowles's discussion of basic issues is forthright, vigorous, even trenchant, though not presented within a political context.

Bowles believes that a major question of our time is whether we can "somehow learn better to understand our world neighbors and to increase their understanding of us." His "view from New Delhi" is the view of a sincere, warm, humane, and intelligent man, sensitive to the problems and sensibilities of another nation, mindful not only of the greatness but also of the problems of his own America, and doing his level best to perform this important aspect of his job as well as he can. One must conclude from these pieces that he succeeded very well. Surely most Indian readers of this book will come away with a better understanding of the U. S., and most American readers will gain a more sympathetic understanding of the difficulties besetting a young, potentially great sister democracy laboriously struggling, within a democratic framework and against great odds, to achieve a tolerable level of living for its teeming millions.

A View from New Delhi is divided into five sections, dealing with problems of nation-building, foreign aid, Indian and U.S. democracy, "the political dynamics of the new Asia," and American history and foreign policy. To me the first of these sections is far and away the most interesting and provocative. It is here that Ambassador Bowles describes what he has come to consider, in the light of his long experience, the "essentials" of nation-building and development. He argues optimistically that even for the poor, developing countries "butter" today is consistent with "butter" tomorrow. He analyzes the amazing breakthrough in recent years of the new agricultural technology in India—the so-called "green revolution"—that offers hope for her self-sufficiency in food crops. He outlines the massive and truly impressive effort the Indians have already mobilized to control the rapid population growth that has drastically reduced the benefits of increased production.

Ambassador Bowles lists what he considers the "five requisites for rapid and balanced growth in a developing country":

1) Adequate capital from both domestic and foreign sources.
2) Enough goods and services to persuade people to contribute the personal effort that development requires.
3) Adequate skills for management, administration, production and citizenship.
4) A willingness and ability in overcrowded nations such as India and Pakistan to curb a rapid population increase.
5) A unifying sense of national purpose with effective communication between the people and their leaders.

This, I suppose, is as good a list as anyone's. Although it lacks such fre-

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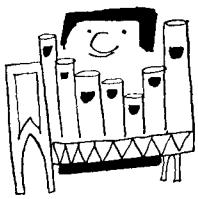
quently cited "essentials" as land and tax reform, incentives, education, entrepreneurship, priority for agriculture, an active private sector, the elimination of bureaucratic barriers, etc., these are stressed elsewhere, and can in any case be subsumed somewhere within Mr. Bowles's conditions. What the Ambassador fails to recognize explicitly — and is perhaps too buoyantly optimistic to recognize at all —is the unhappy fact that, while we can tabulate any number of essential conditions, we cannot identify any set of conditions that are sure to be sufficient even if the developing nations, with the most generous help conceivable, were able to establish them.

But, it turns out later, other elements are also of major importance. Thus a democratic form of government strongly favors development, as does a pragmatic rather than ideological approach. Confidence is also an essential ingredient. And, I am glad to note, the "key" ingredient to rapid economic growth, in Ambassador Bowles's opinion, is the widespread ownership of agricultural land, without which the enthusiastic and constructive participation of the rural masses in the development process cannot be enlisted.



Finally, taking off from the well-known example set by Depression-ridden America in the late 1930s when, spurred by World War II to increase tremendously the weapons of war, we at the same time increased tremendously our output of goods and services for civilian use, Ambassador Bowles argues confidently that the poor countries can also enlist idle men, tools, machines, and resources to produce the infrastructure and machinery capacity for tomorrow, and at the same time produce without inflation a flood of foodstuffs and other consumer items, including housing, for today. The analogy, as Bowles himself recognizes, is scarcely apropos, and his argument is oversimplified and vulnerable. The poor countries have ample idle and underemployed manpower, to be sure. But idle tools and machines are more difficult to find. Within proper limits, however, the argument (development strategy, if you will) may have considerable merit; it underlies a current policy question of major importance in India today, which I shall be able better to pursue after first ex-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Israel Diary—I

SUNDAY. The traveler can't help but feel a sense of relief as the El Al jet lands at Lod Airport near Tel Aviv. The flight up from Nairobi has been smooth and uneventful, but one is nagged by thoughts of recent sabotage bombings. El Al and other airlines that fly in and out of Israel have taken special precautions to prevent further incidents, but despite all the combing of luggage, the warnings at each stop not to accept parcels from strangers, and the assurances that such measures make these flights safer than any others, more than half the seats on the early morning trip from Kenya's capital city go empty.

American travelers, though, have not shied away from El Al's thrice-daily flights from New York City; in fact, they have descended on Israel in increasing numbers since the airplane bombings and a heating up of Israeli-Arab hostilities. "We've been full since January," an El Al official has told me in New York. "And I can't imagine why. Since the Arab terrorists came out saying they would get El Al, we have hardly had an empty seat. You explain it."

Bidding for even more business from the United States, Israel's Minister of Tourism, Moshe Kol, has assured Americans that traveling in his country is safer than walking the streets of New York. "Totally irrelevant," says a New Yorker who has taken both tours. "That's like saying flying is safer than driving because your chances are statistically better in the air. You can't conceal the fact there's a war going on over there. It's an exciting time to see Israel, but a tourist shouldn't forget what's happening around him."

Somehow the trouble seems far away once a visitor has settled into a sidewalk café on Dizengoff Street in Tel Aviv. The signs of war on a workaday Sunday do not jar the newcomer after his eye has become accustomed to the passing soldier wearing an Uzzi submachine gun over his shoulder, or the occasional military vehicle rumbling by. The day is cool and bright, and cafés are filling up as the shops and businesses close for a three-hour midday siesta.

One who has not visited Israel before is surprised to see how many people greet each other along the street. Of course, Dizengoff has its regulars, and this may explain partly the frequent nodding, handshaking, and huddling of small groups. I have reserved a little place in the sun outside Rowal, a sprawling café favored by Israelis for its fine Danish pastry. My companion, Joel Aviv, a forty-two-year-old Ministry of Tourism operative, will accompany me on a week's swing through the country. He is easygoing, full of jokes and anecdotes, and not offended when I ask him to spare the propaganda he may be preparing to foist on me.

Aviv hails two young women in Army uniform, and when he explains I am an inquiring American reporter, they join us agreeably. Israelis see enough American tourists all year long to render us anything but exotic—38 per cent of the 400,000 or so foreign visitors last year came from the U.S.—but they never seem to mind meeting another one. Yael Bass and Daniella Kanetty are both nineteen and a half years old and second lieutenants in a paratroop unit. Not surprisingly, they seem much older. Hebrew is the national language, but their English is understandable, if halting. Both went into the Army at eighteen and decided to re-enlist for six months because, as Yael says, "we love the Army." An American in Israel must get used to the notion that service is not something to avoid. Later, when I ask a fifteen-year-old girl how long she will have to spend in the military, she replies reprovingly: "It isn't that I *have* to, I *want* to." You learn, too, to measure your words.

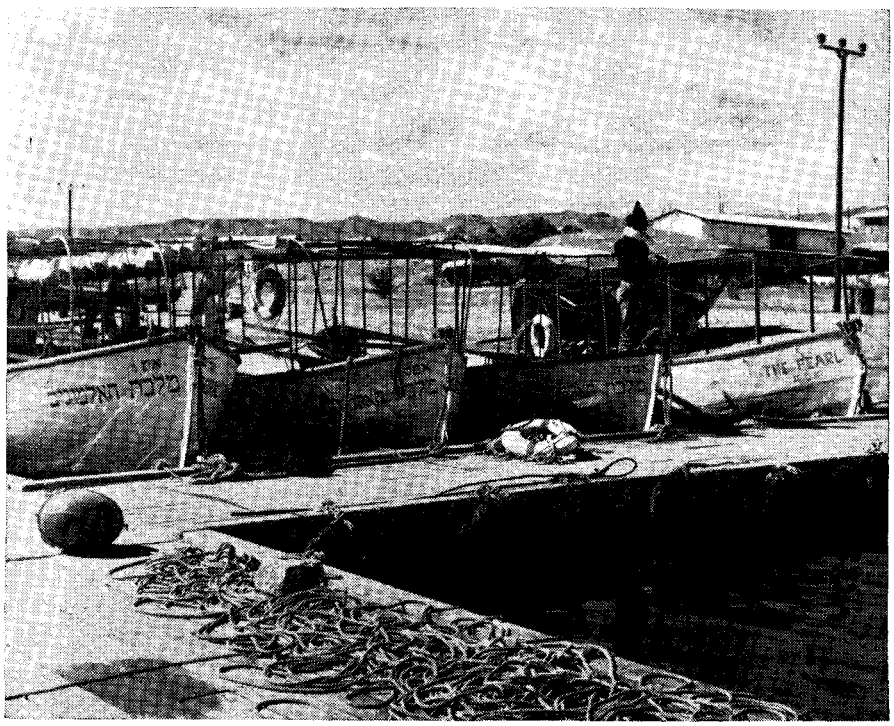
Yael and Daniella explain that they arrange entertainment for the troops, set discipline for younger female soldiers, and carry out other noncombat duties. Yael also sits on a court that judges girls charged with minor violations of military conduct. "Tomorrow," she says, "I must judge two girls. One was caught hitchhiking out of the zone where we are allowed to hitchhike, and the other—well, she refused to wash the floor of the office." What, I ask, will be the verdicts? "For the first girl, I will give a light warning. For the second, I will be harsher."

"Can you take money from them?"

"Yes, I can." She smiles slightly. "To pay for the Phantoms."

Neither girl has lived long on a kibbutz, or wants to. "I like the kibbutz," says Daniella, "but I think you have to be born there to want to stay. I like to go sometimes for a short visit. When you live there, you know every man and what he did yesterday, today, and tomorrow. After ten days on the kibbutz, I can bear it no longer." Both are eager to visit the United States for the first time, and in their minds' eye they can see the country clearly. There are big yards and nice houses, they agree. It is not hard to explain the distortion in their vision. Almost 80 per cent of the money raised in 1969 by the United Jewish Appeal came from the United States. At the peak of the Six-Day War, Americans came up with $500-million in four days.

Amid the mix of humanity on Dizengoff, an outsider can meet people without so much as asking. Walking away



—*F. P. G.*

Boat harbor at Eilat—hippies on the beach, Jordan across the bay.

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from the café, I literally run into a fellow travel writer coming around a corner, and before one can ask where the other has been lately, a young woman with an American accent steps between us and begins to advertise a tourist hotel, a converted Anglican church, for which she works as a curbside recruiter. Moments later, crossing Dizengoff, my colleague is accosted by an old man who berates him in Hebrew for smoking a cigarette, and pushes in his face a tract of anti-smoking literature, which observes that Konrad Adenauer, among others, died of throat cancer.

We drive in the afternoon to the neighboring city of Jaffa along a road that is gradually being converted into what the Ministry of Tourism hopes will be an Israeli Riviera, complete with shops, hotels, and well carved beach. The government is buying up this land, which extends several miles from the Tel Aviv Hilton, past the Dan Hotel, through a crumbling slum inhabited by Arabs who are slowly being relocated, and into Jaffa. The old section of Jaffa is undergoing a face-lift stone by stone to restore something of its character as an ancient sea fortress. The old stone hovels climbing the narrow paths beside the sea are sold to Israeli artists and artisans who then reshape them as attractive apartments and galleries. Above one of the reconstructed buildings stands a latticework tower surrounded with barbed wire, the remains of a British radar station used to detect shiploads of immigrants trying to enter Palestine during the Mandate.

We stop for a snack at Tarshis, one of several new restaurants in the reconstructed quarter, but a cloud of gnats drives us off the terrace and indoors. The sky has turned from a bright blue to a grainy brown, the result, Aviv says, of an easterly wind from Saudi Arabia known as a *hamsin*. The word means fifty in Arabic; there are said to be fifty *hamsin* days a year in Israel.

At night I return to Jaffa to eat at the Restaurant Alhambra on Jerusalem Road, a tiny French establishment with five tables that has earned three forks out of a possible four in the Ministry of Tourism's rating system. The chief cook and kibitzer is a French Jew named Christian, who visited Israel three years ago and decided to stay and open a restaurant. Israel has been criticized by people less than gourmets for generally turning out tasteless food, but that reputation is changing. The Ministry of Tourism has undertaken to educate the palates of the people by giving courses in cooking, holding contests for the best recipes, and sending winners overseas to learn the art firsthand. "In the past, Israelis never went out much to eat," I am told over my choice beef *piccata*, done in a lemony sauce. "Now they are learning how to choose their wine and food."

MONDAY. Aviv and I drive south past fragrant citrus groves to Ashdod, one of five Philistine cities of the Old Testament. Ashdod in its modern form has risen out of the shifting dunes in just ten years to become a vigorous city of close to 30,000. Most of the residents are so-called newcomers, immigrants from two dozen countries including India, Pakistan, and such faroff spots as Hong Kong. Moroccan and Algerian Jews make up the majority. Since independence in 1948, Israel has opened its gates to any Jew in the world who wants in, a policy that has ironically cost the country a degree of progress and harmony. Polyglot settlements like Ashdod bring together all types of Jews, including the sick, illiterate, and old, people who have nothing more in common with one another than a Jewish descent. Many Americans have sent their aging parents to Israel to live out their last years as wards of the state.

In an outdoor shopping center we pass an old man in a burnoose who has come to the homeland from the Atlas Mountains; a woman in sari with her two young sons; a bleached blonde in red slacks and sunglasses, smiling provocatively, whom Aviv identifies as a Moroccan prostitute. "When they say there will be no selection, that means *anyone* can enter the country," he says. "In Israel, the police have to make a living, too." Why am I surprised to see prostitutes in Israel? I am assured there are many, walking the streets of Tel Aviv, standing in hitchhiking stations along the roads, hawking their favors.

There is little about Ashdod to attract the everyday tourist—no memorable hotels, restaurants, shops, beaches —although the view from a hill above the harbor takes in a long stretch of coastline. I have heard that Israel is not a place to see but to feel, and I am beginning to understand why.

In the afternoon we pick up the tourist trail again, driving north from Tel Aviv to the resort town of Natanya, which is also the diamond-cutting and polishing center of Israel. Aviv says Natanya is a haven for Scandinavian sun-lovers, but we find the beach, the flowering promenade above the shore, and the sidewalk cafés around the main square all but deserted. March is too early for Israel's beach season; the crowds will come in May. They will stay in three dozen small hotels and pensions with an average daily rate of $7 full board. In a country not particu-

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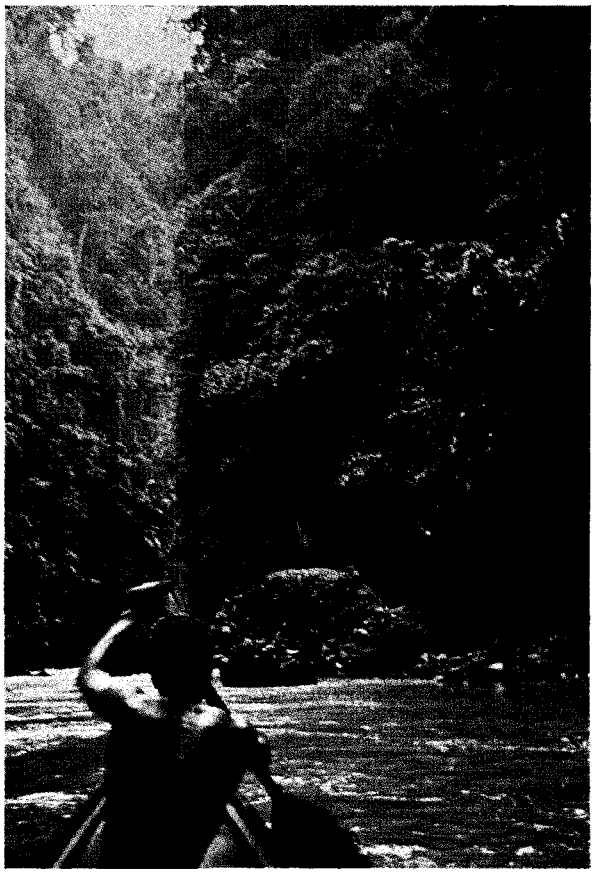

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IBM's Dennis Leonetti, who began working on Allegheny County's long-standing air-pollution project in 1967, at the site of a planned sensing station.

They're keeping an eye on unseen pollutants in a city's air.

Once a 3-white-shirt-a-day city, Pittsburgh did a remarkable job of cleaning up its visible air pollution. But how do you fight the stuff you can't see? Dennis Leonetti's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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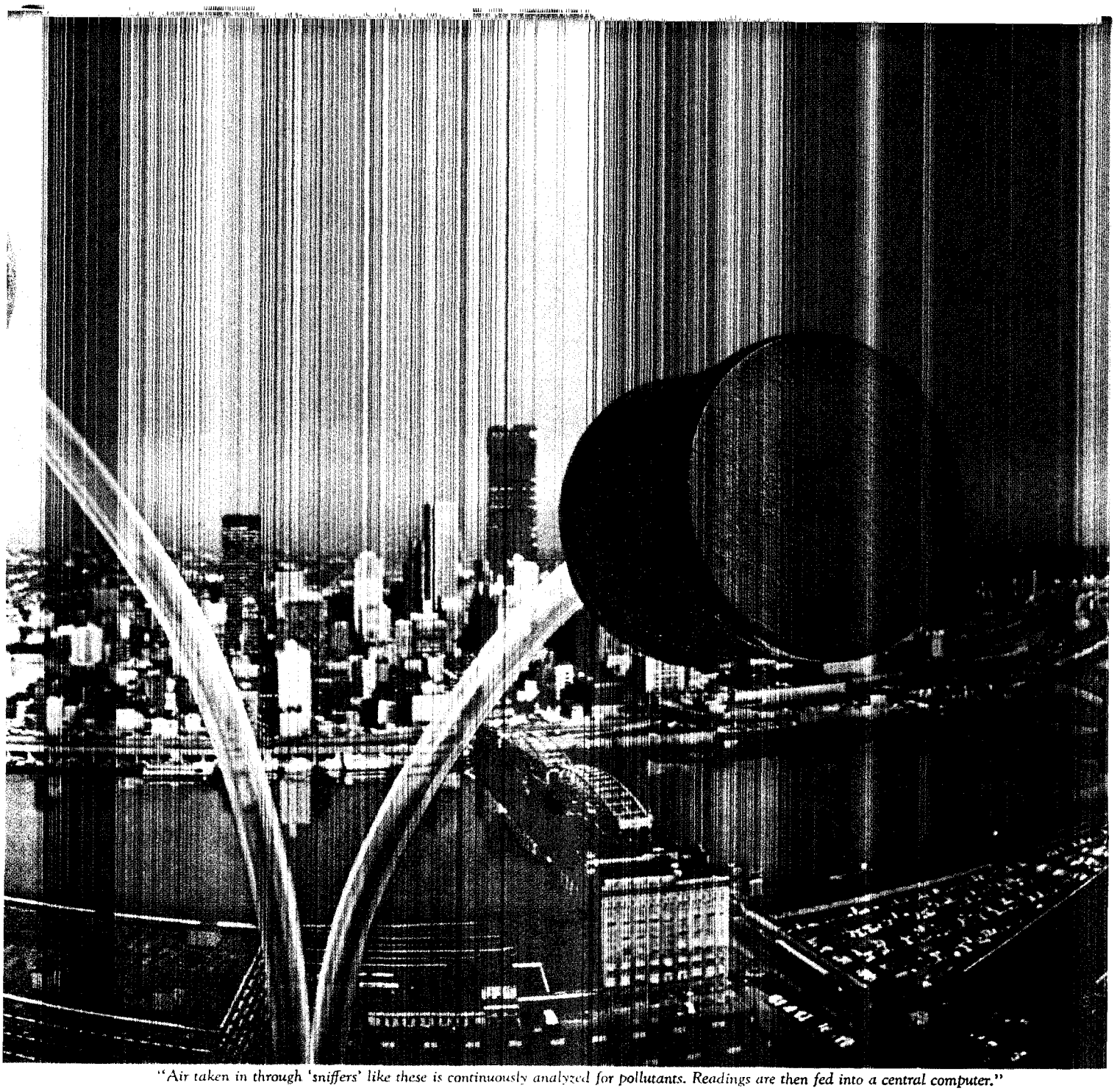

"Air taken in through 'sniffers' like these is continuously analyzed for pollutants. Readings are then fed into a central computer."

"There were days when Pittsburgh was dark by noon. And some people wore three shirts a day," reflects Dennis Leonetti, IBM Marketing Representative to the Allegheny County Bureau of Air Pollution Control.

"They really did a remarkable job of cleaning up the visible pollution. As far back as 1962, a U. S. Public Health Service study, covering thirteen cities, showed that Pittsburgh had less 'dust' than eleven of them. Only Salt Lake City had clearer air.

"But the most difficult part of the job is still ahead.

"What we're after now are the pollutants you can't see. Carbon monoxide. Sulphur dioxide. And what's called fine particulate, the stuff that stays suspended in the air.

"By this summer, the County will have seven sensing stations with 52 sensors. The final plan calls for seventeen stations with 103 sensors.

"These 'sniffers' take continuous readings of pollutant levels, which, along with weather data, are fed into the computer over telephone lines.

"Readings are printed out every five minutes. But when a pollutant exceeds a specified level, the printout appears in red and the computer automatically requests new readings every fifteen seconds.

"A system like this can pinpoint excess pollutants and their sources. And give pollution authorities an opportunity to take appropriate action.

"What's more, we'll eventually be able to use it as an early warning system—spotting dangerous conditions *before* critical pollution levels are reached.

"Nobody's looking for any awards yet. We haven't eliminated air pollution. But what we're doing will help here. And, we hope, in other cities as well."

IBM

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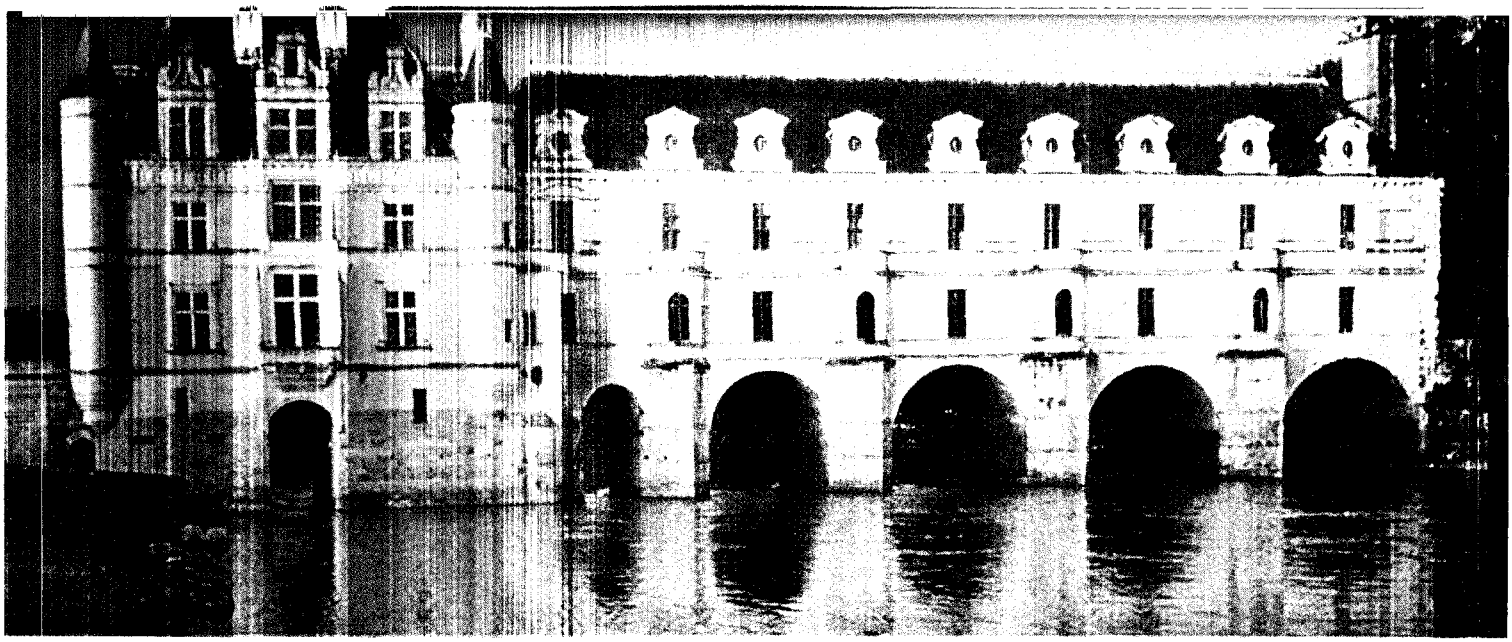

Chenonceaux, one of about fifty châteaux in the Loire Valley.

La Loire: 50 superbes châteaux

The Loire: 50 superb châteaux

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3 days: about $70

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First, the châteaux.

Most of them are open to the public, so that you can see how the French aristocracy live among their treasures. With luck, you may come upon an elderly Marquise brushing her teeth.

Exotic and feminine

The most exotic and *feminine* of the châteaux is CHENONCEAUX, built on a bridge across a river; Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Médicis and Mary Queen of Scots lived here. (See photograph above.)

The *grandest* is CHAMBORD, with its extraordinary double-spiral staircase and 440 rooms. The wall around the deer forest is 20 miles long.

The château with the most beautiful *gardens* is VILLANDRY. At the château at AMBOISE, Leonardo da Vinci is buried. SAUMUR, with its museum dedicated to the horse, is next door to the stables of the dashing Cadre Noir cavalry.

After dark, many of these romantic châteaux offer *son et lumière*. These pageants of floodlighting, music and dialogue dramatize the stories of the châteaux—and give you goose pimples.

When you have had your fill of châteaux, drive over to the Abbey of Fontevrault and see the tombs of the Plantagenets—King Henry II of England, Richard Coeur de Lion and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Her effigy is currently on loan to THE YEAR 1200 exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York—worth seeing before you leave the U.S.

Wine and food

If there weren't any châteaux, the Loire Valley would be worth visiting for its cooking and its wines—all the way from celebrated two-star restaurants to delicious little auberges in dozens of villages. The local specialties include the famous Loire salmon, pike and eel. The pâtés are something to dream about for the rest of your life.

Wine? The Loire is distinguished for its *white* wines—flowery and deceptively innocent. We particularly recommend Sancerre, Saumur, Muscadet and Vouvray. Eat, drink and be merry.

How to get there

Take the train from the Austerlitz station in Paris, get out at Tours two hours later, then on to the châteaux by motor coach. Or rent a small French car—about $5.40 a day and 6¢ a mile. (You can arrange all this with your travel agent before you leave for France.)

The latest dollar-franc exchange rate is in your favor. It means, in effect, that you get one day free for every week you spend in France. We figure that three days in the Loire Valley need not cost you more than $70.

And you will be *welcome*. The Gallup Poll recently reported that the United States is regarded by the French as their "best friend"—far above any other country.

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Mail the coupon, and you will receive some very helpful information. After you've read it, talk to your travel agent about airplane reservations, hotels, and tours to France from the nearest international airport.

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larly known for luxurious tourist amenities, the Four Seasons Hotel, newly built by a Canadian group, cuts a stark figure on a bluff above the Mediterranean. "This hotel," the manager tells me, "will bring the Americans to Natanya."

TUESDAY. I fly south to Eilat over the Sinai by Israel's domestic airline, Arkia. It is taking no chances with sabotage, checking each passenger for concealed explosives. Eilat, a port on the northern tip of the Gulf of Eilat, is one of the few points in Israel distant enough from Tel Aviv and Jerusalem to justify a plane ride. The Jordanian port of Aqaba sits in full view of Eilat just across the bay, but its proximity presents little danger because, as the Israelis will tell you, Jordan depends too heavily on Aqaba, its only port, to risk an encounter with Israel.

Eilat, a spreading oasis in an expanse of crusty desert, shows vividly how Israel has gone about making something from nothing. Palm trees have taken root, hotels are rising along the shore, and water sports—skin diving, boating, and water skiing—are being introduced to the gulf. On a boat ride fifteen miles south along the gulf, the young female skipper prepares us for the sight of Israel's only fjord. When I express surprise, she says: "Well, it is not like a Norwegian fjord. We do not have mountains of green. But the fjord is beautiful because it is ours." We pull into a bay with a backdrop of arid brown hillside. I try to see the fjord through her eyes.

Israel is cutting a road along the western ridge of the gulf down to Sharm el-Sheikh, another port of touristic promise. Nothing of permanence is being constructed in this Sinai territory still claimed by Egypt, but along the road at Nuweiba a Bedouin-style village of 120 tents will open this spring by the sandy shore, and at Sharm el-Sheikh a trailer camp has been put up.

In summer, the temperature routinely climbs to 115 degrees around the gulf, but Israelis and outlanders—those sun-happy Scandinavians—won't mind a bit. Even the European hippie caravan has worked its way down to Eilat. I see several of them trying to budge huge desert stones by a roadway leading to a new hotel. "We have about 500 hippies," a local tourist official tells me. "They do all the work we won't do, and they live on the shore. Yes, we even have three Jewish hippies." I don't question his figures.

Back in Tel Aviv for dinner, I join a handsome young Israeli named Yigal Rosenberg, all done up in a mod style he adopted while studying in London. We dash through the rain along narrow back streets to a Yemenite restaurant well off the tourist paths. There are a dozen Formica-topped tables and large photographs of Israeli landscapes on the wall. "I like this kind of place," Rosenberg says as we bend to the *houmous*. "They buy their meat only for the day, and the waiters are not running around with *shmatas* [cloths] on their hands." For the main course we have skewered chicken livers and hearts. By Israeli reckoning, this is Oriental food—and perhaps the best of it. Any land east of Israel is the Orient.

Later, we meet some friends of Yigal's at Mandy's, a discothèque run by Mandy Rice-Davies, who has gone straight since the Profumo scandal and is married to a former airline steward. Several friends in New York have told me to train an eye on Israeli night life because they say it reveals something about the fatalistic eat-drink-and-be-merry attitude of the young. "They swing just a little harder," I have been told, "because they never know when they'll be called to war." Mandy's is like a discothèque in New York or London. I see no signs of fatalism in the young people at my table. Mandy is there, watching the shop. She looks good.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

All This and Dancing Too

THAT Eliot Feld is a boy wonder in the world of dance, there is no doubt. The wonder is usually associated with his enormous gifts as a choreographer, with his determination to found a company of his own and his swift accomplishment of this aim, and his astuteness as a director of this excellent troupe, the American Ballet Company, which is just about one year old.

Why wouldn't one think of him in these capacities? In 1967, when he was still a member of the American Ballet Theatre, he choreographed two hit ballets (his first) in six months. These were *Harbinger* (set to Prokofiev's Concerto No. 5 for Piano and Orchestra) and *At Midnight* (Mahler's Four Rückert Songs), both as close to modern dance as to ballet. In 1968, he created a classical ballet, *Meadowlark* (Haydn), for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and it was an instant hit.

By this time, it was known that he was going to launch a company of his own. To do this when there were more than enough ballet companies on the Atlantic seaboard, and when production and performing costs were soaring, seemed to herald Feld's Folly. But anyone who knew him had no doubt that he would make it. He is not only ambitious, he is remorseless. As a colleague said of him, "He's a brat, but he's talented and you put up with him. Besides, I'm fond of him."

The "brat" (he's in his mid-twenties) succeeded in establishing his own nonprofit foundation (the American Dance Foundation) and in raising funds through private foundations, state grants, individual donations. Most important, he was invited by Harvey Lichtenstein, director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, to become a resident company of the academy.

Less than a year ago, in the summer of 1969, the American Ballet Company (Eliot's company, as the dancers and dance fans call it) made its debut at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy. In the fall, it had its New York debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There were reservations about this and that, mostly with respect to performing polish and finesse, but the venture was an undisputed success, and a new ballet group had moved onto the dance scene. All this in two years! Here, indeed, was a boy wonder-

—*Martha Swope.*

Eliot Feld—"boy wonder-choreographer-founder-director-producer-etc."—conducts a rehearsal of his American Ballet Company. Christine Sarry, one of the troupe's most gifted artists, watches intently.

choreographer - founder - director - producer-etc.

But there is yet another wonder about Feld that in the light of the above-listed achievements is sometimes overlooked. That is, Eliot Feld is a wonderful dancer.

At the Brooklyn debut of his company, he took his bows only as the boss, the guiding genius of it all, until close to the end of the season, for a severe and painful injury had kept him off stage until the very end when, with pain-killers injected into him, he danced with his company for the first time in New York. It wasn't, unfortunately, a very good ballet—a unique experience for him up to that date—so Feld, the dancer, was overlooked. It was not until the company's recently concluded spring season at the Academy that audiences had an opportunity to rediscover the remarkable performing talent of the boy wonder.

I shall report on the repertory as a whole, including Feld's newest creation (*Early Songs*, to music of Richard Strauss), at a later date. Right now I want to talk about the dancing Feld.

His dance prowess was, of course, highly praised during his career with the American Ballet Theatre. He was utterly delightful in Jerome Robbins's *Fancy Free* (he resembles Robbins in looks, dance style, and choreographic instinct); in the title role of Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid*, he gave a performance that was physically virtuosic, intensely dramatic, and profoundly touching; and he was a superior artist in many other roles. He has since said that he works as hard at being a dancer as he does at choreographing. I think he loves it more.

His dance concentration, his oneness with movement, was one of the special highlights of the latest Feld season. The audience first saw him, as the curtain rose opening night, in *Harbinger*. He did not dance the role that he had initially created for himself in the American Ballet Theatre production but, rather, the wonderfully jazzy part he had designed for Edward Verso. Feld took over this role and made it his own, as if it had been tailored to him all along. Fleet of foot, insouciant of manner, prankish, marvelously liquid yet clear of movement it was.

With *At Midnight*, he danced the role he had created for Bruce Marks. Marks had been nothing short of triumphant in it. But again, Feld adapted his own choreography to his own body and to his own personality. Here, in this figure surrounded by faceless "others," was all the loneliness in the world. Here too was inner torment that outdistanced in secret tragedy any outer torture. Unmistakable youth was in the role, lost and searching and anguished, but there was also the luminous image of a Christ-figure in which anguish has turned into monumental agony. For this abstract—or distilled—characterization in dance, Eliot Feld, dancer, received as thunderous an ovation as he had as a successful director of a new company and as one of the brightest choreographic talents of our age.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Trobriandish

WINS, New York, the first of three Group W (Westinghouse Broadcasting Company) radio stations to adopt an all-news format, recently passed its fifth anniversary. I would guess, however, that the event was not noted on the air by any of the station's announcers, reporters, or commentators. To have done so would have expressed an interest in historical causation and recognized that the present is the climax of some chronological, lineal order —a pattern of behavior distinctly un-Trobriand Islanderish.

The Trobriands of New Guinea, as described by the late B. Malinowski, make no temporal connections between objects. There is a series of beings in their codification of reality, but no becoming. Value for the Trobriander lies not in change, but in sameness, in repeated pattern. His world is comprised of acts that lead nowhere; they are an aggregate of bumps that jerk along, like his speech, repeating the known, maintaining a point, incorporating all time in an undisturbed monotony.

All-news radio, as practiced by Group W stations in New York, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles (and by other conglomerates, including some CBS and some Time-Life radio stations), is very much Trobriander. The news is often billed as "stories in the making." They emerge from nowhere; they live briefly and blend indistinguishably into new emergences. One-sentence headlines, flecky details, weather, traffic, sports, stocks, compressed catastrophes, affairs of state, revolutions and coups, stabbings, shoot-outs, local fires, fender-benders, the jingle and the sell of endlessly procreating commercials—they drone, they clip (fast, fast, no introspection, no navel) without emphasis, change of pace, or emotional tone in a sort of instant omnipresence, never *to* or *from*, only *at*, the re-creation of a mythical pattern of nowness.

In a presciently non-Trobriander manner, the Group W people planned it that way. They are well aware that their listeners are not Trobriands but lineal codifiers of reality in the Western tradition who have the line, the linkage, and the sequence bred into them from birth. As such, no one can stay in the all-news world for more than ten minutes at a time. For the lineal mind, instant omnipresence is dreaded nothingness; so people drop in and out (or vice versa), and this is fine for the all-news broadcasters. They operate on the principle of random tuning: Somebody is always tuning in, to decide whether to take an umbrella, to avoid a traffic jam, or to keep in touch; when they leave, someone else arrives.

In such random haphazardness, Group W listeners may miss short bursts of some of the finest commentary that current radio offers. Rod MacLeish, Group W's chief correspondent, writes the best prose on TV or radio. Erwin Canham, Simeon Booker, Sid Davis, Bernard Redmont, and others comprise a staff of knowledgeable roving observers of the world scene; but they are uncharted points in a sea of anecdotes. Pitched into the schedule at irregular, unpredictable times, one never knows when they are imminent. To spot them predictably would make great lineal sense, of course, but would violate the principle of randomness and might scare some people away (commentary, after all, is a very lineal thing; it has a point of view, a sense of the past and future, an instinct for re-

lationships and meaning). Joel Chaseman, president, Group W Radio, calls all-news radio "the ultimate refinement of McLuhan's 'global village.'"

The concept makes money for Group W and renders brief, small services; but our culture, unlike that of the Trobrianders, is presumably deliberately purposive—we have ends and means. All-news radio never asks why and it never says because. Its definition of news is antiquarian. A century ago, in a relatively stable world, it made sense to define news as the extraordinary, the violent, the sensational. Our world today is all three: News, in a global village, is paradoxically that which integrates, cements, and binds.

For listeners who get all their news from radio, the randomized violence and trivia of Group W's codification of reality provide false, undesirable models. It legitimizes the horror of an essentially irrational world. The Trobrianders are welcome to their codification of reality; we are stuck with ours. Would that Group W could conceive it so in the next five years. We would enjoy making the customary felicitations, but how can you say happy birthday to someone who has no sense of his own identity?

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Letter to a Nature Lover

DEAR AUNT MARY,

Knowing how interested you are in nature study, I thought I should tell you about some strange goings on that are quite the rage here in New York. It's really like having your cake and eating it too, for now, of all things, avant-garde artists are bringing the great outdoors to our asphalt canyons. Yes, that is exactly what's happening. I thought you might like to come for a weekend and see for yourself. The exhibitions I have in mind will probably be down by the time you get here, but no doubt there will be others to take their place. You see, nature-study-art (here they call it "earthworks," "environmental art," or "ecological art") is the *dernier cri.*

I'll try to give you an idea of what it's all about. Take, for instance, the case of Robert Morris. It seems he was commissioned by the Museum of Modern Art to make a "space." So what did he do? He planted a whole bunch of dear little pine trees (you would have loved them) right in the museum. I don't believe he planted them himself; a gardener was there looking after them—you know, spraying them and adjusting the temperature in the room just as specially trained art conservators do for old masterpieces; so I suppose the gardener must have planted them, too.

Anyway, a press release the museum got out described the venture as "an interior room where 144 trees have been planted on large eye-level pedestals faced with Cor-ten steel and separated by narrow paths of Cor-ten." It was fascinating to learn that the tiny Norway spruce trees were donated by Kimberly-Clark Corporation. The museum even told us all about the Kleenex, cellulose wadding, and barber towels this great firm manufactures. It did seem quite a lot of palaver for just 144 dwarfish trees. The Cor-ten steel, I was happy to learn, was donated by Joseph T. Ryerson & Sons, Inc., whose products, according to MOMA, "are burned, cut, and shaped to customer's specifications." The wall labels were downright scholarly as they always are at the Museum of Modern Art. There were also data about "horticultural services" (the gardener, I guess) provided by The Manhattan Gardener, Ltd., and about a refrigeration company, to say nothing of a light corporation, each cooperating with the museum and with Mr. Morris and, of course, with visitors like me who might not otherwise have known about the products and services these companies offer.

It was all most educational, but I was confused. Maybe that was because I had just suffered a rather nasty fall in a nearby "space" (there were six in all) designed by Larry Bell. In there, it was very dark and I lost my footing. A kind guard with a flashlight helped me up and soothed me as he led me out. I considered suing the museum, but since my arm was not broken—only severely bruised—I went on.

And I am not sorry, for it was then I found the pine trees. Jennifer Licht, associate curator of painting and sculpture, who directed the exhibition, said that Mr. Morris "contrasted human proportions with miniature groves of fir trees, planted in diminishing size to create impressions of distant vistas." Maybe I was stupid, but there were no distant vistas for me—just a lot of little trees looking uncomfortably crowded in there. I think it would have been better to transport us bodily to the woods and mountains. Some of those giant airplanes might have provided study trips in return for the same kind of credits the other firms got. Miss Licht also revealed that "originally the air [in Mr. Morris's space] was to be imbued with an additional fillip, negative ions, which induce feelings of euphoria, but," she confessed, "this aspect could not be realized."

I'm wondering, Aunt Mary, if it's "the real" they want, why don't they go the whole hog? As long as they use real earth and real trees, why not real scale and real distance? Why not just go outside and look at nature the way you do? I suppose they'd say that I'm missing the point, that it's precisely because part of what they do is real and part is not that they finally come up with something new. The fact is—it doesn't seem very new. It's not so different from the old-fashioned painted way; both imitate nature, only one is flat and pretends to be 3-D, and the other is 3-D. So what! I wouldn't mind if it weren't boring. However, I'm happy to tell you that some of these ecological artists are beginning to move outdoors, but we don't go with them; we stay inside and read what they have to say or look at their photographs.

I found out about this particular kind of nature-study-art syndrome the

"Fred, you're hurting me!"

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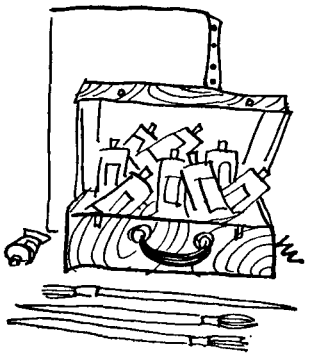
other day when I visited a New York gallery called John Gibson Commissions, Inc. The gallery sent me a seven-page, single-spaced, mimeographed brochure by Peter Hutchinson describing how he had transported 450 pounds of Super Wonder bread to the top of Parícutin, a remote Mexican volcano, and then how he had covered all those loaves with 300 feet of thick plastic sheeting. You may wonder why. He wanted to produce bread mold on the *rim* of that wild crater—not for any



scientific reason, but just for the sake of art, just so he could fly over it several days later and take photos. I thought you might like this romantic idea—so wayward and whimsical with no pretense at a final solution, and that's rare in a materialistic age.

The idea was not to take highly professional photographs. In fact, Mr. Gibson explained to me that the exhibition wasn't supposed to be just another photography show. Yet, when I went to his gallery there wasn't anything to see except color photographs (rather indistinct ones) of moldy bread on a vast yawning volcano. I suppose the contrast was what interested Mr. Hutchinson, but then contrasts in nature are an old story. We're always marveling at them. A field of wild poppies near patches of snow on Mount McKinley, or sand blowing against crazy boulders in the Negev—oh, well, you know.

In the brochure, Mr. Hutchinson described the hardships he and his companions endured, also the expenses he incurred while making bread mold on Parícutin. In addition to chartering planes, he had to employ an entourage of Indians, and, of course, the expedition needed horses, pack donkeys, and camping equipment. One problem was keeping the Indians from littering the wilderness with all those plastic wrappings from the Super Wonder bread, the way our astronauts leave that discarded junk on the moon. Once Mr. Hutchinson was almost overcome by poisonous gases, and he also suffered from extremes of heat, cold, and altitude, but he persevered, because this mountain met his requirements. Had it not, he planned to head farther south and consider a volcano in Costa Rica that he'd heard about. He says all he was after was "to juxtapose a microorganism against a macrocosmic landscape, yet in such amount the results would be plainly visible through color changes." Well, they weren't plainly visible to me. Of course, I wasn't there; so I have to believe the artist even though his photos didn't work for me. They're not supposed to, I guess. I got more out of the mimeographed brochure, because Mr. Hutchinson writes very well. Perhaps it's a book he ought to be doing. And I imagine the Super Wonder bread, instead of just any old Mexican bread, was an "added fillip," as Miss Licht might say. It suggested the idea of conspicuous American waste, and gave the whole project a philosophic slant.

I keep remembering my own experience at Parícutin more than a quarter-century ago. I wrote you about it. A group of us traveled over nonexistent roads—really nothing but cactus and ruts—to see that fiery, new, fiercely exploding volcano. We stayed all night, awed by its violence, noise, smell, and magnificence. That was a real earthwork, or should I say a work of earth?

By the way, Aunt Mary, I'm sending you a book for your birthday. It's called *Art Povera*, and it's all about nature study, about how different artists use what Donald Judd calls "the specificity and power of actual materials, actual colors, actual space." It seems a shame to use such long words about actual things we can see without too much help, but maybe the artists want to make us see them more clearly and in a new way. I don't object to guidance. What really bugs me is that these earthwork men claim they are producing a "noninstitutional art," not for museums, not for collectors, not for critics, and yet they end up showing it in the very museums and galleries they pooh-pooh.

In *Art Povera* there's a project by Lawrence Weiner, who advocates "three minutes of forty-pound pressure spray of white highway paint upon a well tended lawn. The lawn," he continues, "is allowed to grow and [is] not tended until the grass is free of all vestiges of white highway paint." Do you think he's trying to prove how hardy grass is? Well, I think nature proves it better.

Anyway, I hope you'll come soon and see for yourself. Let me know in advance so I can prepare a list. Sometimes the shows don't last very long. This winter I was invited to a champagne back-to-nature exhibition based on melting ice, but it was all over before I got there, nothing left but the champagne—so I just went home and looked out of the window.

Love,
KATHARINE

Chess Corner No. 151

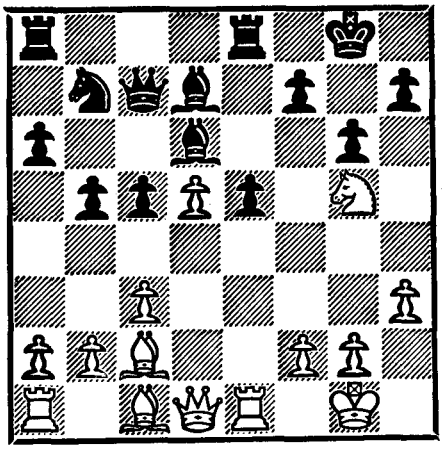
More and more, accounting terminology is finding its way into the chess glossary. A *stock* sacrifice or *stock* attack is more or less a routine act, divided and categorized for easy reference. "When do you take *inventory*?" is a sharp needle for the player who is way ahead in material. In this connection, it has been ascertained that a chess professional's *overhead* is the seat of his pants.

All of this is apropos the final-round decisive encounter between Jon Jacobs and Kent Goulding in the six-round Swiss system of the Eastern High Schools Chess Championship. For the first dozen or so moves, the contest was academic. Both sides fought theoretically. But with 13 . . . N-N2, Black placed his knight in limbo, too far afield. It became evident after 17 PxN. Now Black's weakling king pawn was defended inadequately by 17 . . . B-Q3. In turn, it enticed 18 N-N5.

The setting was just right for 19 NxRP . . . the stock attack. The immediate "sack" was overwhelming. After 21 BxP, Black could have resigned without jeopardizing his chances.

RUY LOPEZ

	Jacobs White	Goulding Black		Jacobs White	Goulding Black
1	P-K4	P-K4	10	B-B2	P-B4
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	11	P-Q4	Q-B2
3	B-N5	P-QR3	12	QN-Q2	B-Q2
4	B-R4	N-B3	13	N-B1	N-N2
5	O-O	B-K2	14	N-K3	KR-K1
6	R-K1	P-QN4	15	PxKP	PxP
7	B-N3	P-Q3	16	N-Q5	NxN
8	P-B3	O-O	17	PxN	B-Q3
9	P-KR3	N-QR4	18	N-N5	P-N3



19	NxRP	KxN	23	R-K4	B-K2
20	Q-R5ch	K-N1	24	Q-R5ch	K-N1
21	BxP	PxB	25	B-R6	Q-Q3
22	QxPch	K-R1	26	R-N4ch	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Technology's Assessors

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO [*SR*, March 28], I reported Connecticut Congressman Emilio Q. Daddario's proposal that a new Congressional agency be created for the purpose of predicting socially desirable and undesirable consequences of scientific discoveries and their technological exploitation. Under the terms of a bill that Mr. Daddario planned to introduce last week, this agency—to be called the Office of Technology Assessment—would operate under the authority of the Comptroller General and would have responsibility for keeping the Congress informed independently of executive departments and agencies under the control of the President.

The OTA staff, I explained, would not itself decide what should be done to encourage or discourage particular technological developments. It would not even recommend specific courses of action but would draw together ad hoc assessment panels and then present the findings of those panels to the Congress in the form of sets of alternate consequences to be chosen among according to national goals established by the Congress.

My report pointed out that the new agency could have been assigned to the Library of Congress but was not. The reason I gave was that the Librarian of Congress, L. Quincy Mumford, "demonstrated no special enthusiasm for a new responsibility."

I am now in receipt of a letter in which Mr. Mumford complains that I did not present his position fairly. Here is his case as he presents it himself:

> A public administrator is always confronted with the problem of balancing the various elements of his own internal program, and also the representation of his needs against other claims on the general treasury. The Library of Congress is inherently in an awkward position in advancing its own claims for congressional support. Scholarly objectivity commingles poorly with the vigorous pursuit of claims for self-preferment. We can describe our requirements and we do, but we can scarcely advise the Congress as to the importance of our institution to the Congress. It would be effrontery to dwell on the usefulness of an institution to those who are among its principal users.
>
> To describe my attitude toward the proposed new function of technology assessment as wanting in enthusiasm is less than precise. My language in testimony to Mr. Daddario's Subcommittee was not elaborate or discursive. I intended my statement to have communicated a positive, constructive responsiveness to an important challenge. If our response was more measured than those of others, I suggest it was because we better understood than they what enormous problems the task entailed.
>
> On that occasion, I said: "We are enthusiastically in support of your subcommittee's efforts to extend the reach of the Congress in this important function of technology assessment. I believe the Library of Congress is capable of a constructive role to support the Congress in this fine endeavor."

Mumford went on to say that two of his subordinates had supported his testimony. Lester Jayson, director of the library's Legislative Reference Service, had presented the subcommittee with "ten pages of fine print" listing titles of LRS studies bearing on technology assessment, had described the professional qualifications of LRS personnel, and had told how his organization "would proceed if assigned the lead role in a congressional program of technology assessment." Dr. Charles S. Sheldon II, chief of LRS's Science Policy Research Division, had reminded the Daddario subcommittee that "there must be a willingness of the Congress to equip itself with modern tools of analysis and the kinds of staff and institutional arrangements required" to supply answers to the "very real questions" of technology assessment.

Mumford's letter concluded:

> I would recapitulate our position by stating that it is a special limitation on LRS as a consultant to make known its needs but not to argue for them to the client. Our enthusiasm for the task of technology assessment is great. We know, and we have said, that it cannot be performed unless we are given a very much increased funding and personnel authorization. We are prepared to declare our needs. We believe that so large a function cannot suddenly appear full-grown, like Botticelli's Venus; it will require a period of careful and deliberate evolution. We believe our cadre of personnel in the Legislative Reference Service affords as good a starting-point as can be found.
>
> However, I should also make clear that our role in the Library of Congress, and particularly in the Legislative Reference Service, has been and must be professional and selfless. We serve our client, the Congress. Whatever form of assistance the Congress decides to assign us we intend to perform to the best of our competence with objectivity and scholarship. To depart from this ideal would leave the Congress and its staff with no dependable alternative to that of reliance on the Executive Branch of the Government for information and analysis. It was to assure itself independence from the Executive under its constitutional mandate that the Congress developed this service. Preservation of this instrument's integrity is of foremost importance.

Before this letter from Mumford arrived, I had already received communications from subordinates of Mumford at the Library of Congress who characterized him as a gentleman of the old school, a scholar who prefers the quiet of the ivory tower to the raucous roughhouse of Washington political infighting. The preference undoubtedly explains why the interest his letter proclaims did not project itself to the Congressmen before whom he and his subordinates in the Library testified during hearings on the technology assessment concept. His confidence in the rectitude of his position apparently did not allow him to consider how dramatically others might express enthusiasm comparable to the concern he ascribes to himself. It did not occur to him to think that, while he was coolly writing a letter of comment on the first draft of Congressman Daddario's bill for transmission to Daddario, aides of Comptroller General Elmer Staats were telephoning the Congressman and warmly opening an opportunity for personal meetings at which the problems and potentialities of the proposed Office of Technology Assessment could be discussed.

Mumford should not feel too chagrined over his failure to gain total acceptance of his views. The belated efforts he has made to clarify his attitude have changed the original draft of the Daddario bill in two respects: first, the director of the Legislative Reference Service is named in the bill as a member of the board governing the Office of Technology Assessment; and, second, the bill names LRS as an information source and authorizes the director of LRS to appoint whatever new operating units are required to fill technological assessment requirements. My own guess is that LRS cannot take on much more responsibility until Mumford demonstrates to Congress his urgent need for new and comfortable working quarters to replace offices that are jammed into passageways, corridors, and space intended for public display of Library of Congress treasures. With troops of school children clattering noisily about in the course of holiday tours, the wonder to me is that LRS gets any serious work done.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Nobody Knows the Truffaut I've Seen

"THE ART of film-making," François Truffaut wrote, while discussing the work of Hitchcock, "is an especially difficult one to master." In view of his latest movie to be released here, *Mississippi Mermaid*, he easily might have added, "And even the master can, at times, fall flat on his face." Brilliance, talent, competence are no guarantees that the film-maker, again to quote Truffaut, "can make his way out of the maze of snares inherent in the fragmentation of the shooting, the cutting, and the montage of a film. To a director, the greatest danger of all is that in the course of making his film he may lose control of it."

With uncanny foresight, Truffaut, the maker of two or three of the best films of our time, seems to have written his own apologia for *Mississippi Mermaid*, a film based on the Cornell Woolrich suspense novel *Waltz into Darkness*. Bad movies are no rarity in these days of cinematic frenzy, of an uncensorious screen, of the collapse of the so-called Hollywood system, but few have come along lately that are quite as bad as *Mississippi Mermaid*, which even has a terrible and nonapplicable title. Were it not for the fact that it boasts two star names, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve, it is doubtful that United Artists would have bothered to release it.

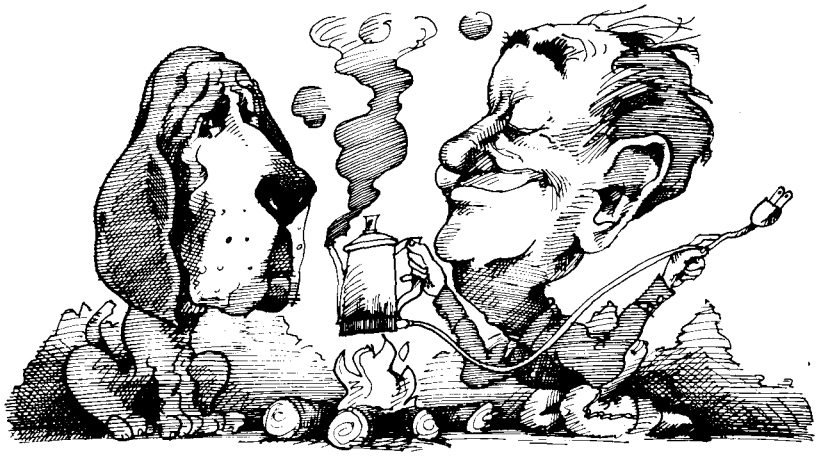
One can only guess at the reasons for the failure, the most obvious being Truffaut's desire to emulate the object of his admiration, Hitchcock. It is virtually axiomatic that originality and artistry do not result from emulation. *Mississippi Mermaid* has the look of a film that tries to imitate Hitchcock. Beginning implausibly with a handsome colonial tobacco planter ordering a bride by mail, it descends through succeeding implausibilities (the "bride," an impostor, arrives by ship, even though there are six flights a week to the remote island) to a ridiculously mawkish ending. Nor does the dead-pan "acting" by the principals help to relieve the tedium.

But, to be kind about it, one must assume that Truffaut was fighting himself all the way. On the one hand, he did a Hitchcock-type screenplay, and, on the other, he tried to add some Truffaut-type touches, such as a scene in which Belmondo and Mlle. Deneuve emerge from a cinema playing (implausibly) a vintage Robert Taylor film, *Johnny Guitar*, and Belmondo remarks: "It's really about love and feelings." Truffaut probably meant the line as a guide to the perplexed.

Isn't it about time that someone compiled a work on how bad movies happen? There is such a wealth of primary source material, such as *Brotherly Love*, a British film directed by J. Lee Thompson and adapted by James Kenneway (so the credits tell us) from his play *Country Dance* and his novel *Household Ghosts*. This time the big stars are Peter O'Toole and Susannah York, and they do strive mightily to give a story of a brother-sister relationship in the Scottish Lowlands meaning and even, in the case of O'Toole, majesty. In a fiercely irritating performance he rises, at times, to Shakespearean heights, but then wastes the effort on some of the windiest and most pretentious dialogue ever uttered. J. Lee Thompson lavishes loving care on the by now banal material (with its gloomy hints of—dare we say it?—incest), with the result that the drama proceeds step by fateful step to its long foreseen conclusion. They finally put poor O'Toole away. Unfortunately, we have realized that he was in a hopelessly muddled state the moment we met him.

In a thoroughly jaundiced mood I went next to *The Dreamers*, a film made in Israel by a new young director, Dan Wollman, and found myself pleasantly surprised and refreshed. The film turned out, indeed, to be a film about love and feelings. Set in the old and picturesque city of Safad in the north of Israel, *The Dreamers* is a relatively simple story of a young artist and workman who becomes fascinated with the faces of the inhabit-

ants of an old people's home. Mr. Wollman succeeds in causing us to become equally fascinated by these faces, particularly that of Berta Litvina, an elderly actress of enormous charm. The setting, the mood, the acting blend realism and lyricism, with hardly a wrong note, except those provided by the musical score, which attempts to emphasize what the movie is already doing very well by itself.



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A View from New Delhi

Continued from page 39

amining some key aspects and problems of the "green revolution."

The dramatic breakthrough in Indian food production achieved by the new agricultural technology—"miracle" seeds, fertilizer, adequate and controlled water supplies—is well documented by Bowles, and has proceeded much further since the chapter was written in 1967. This breakthrough has completely refuted those who asserted that the Indian farmer was too tradition-bound and too apathetic to respond to the potentials the new technology held out for vastly increased crop yields. It has brought India near to self-sufficiency in food grains production, though further progress is needed in developing more resistant strains of cereals other than wheat. Of course, grains, though basic, do not provide balanced nutrition, and it is not yet clear how costly increased grain acreage may be in terms of reductions in other foodstuff production.

More immediately important, as Wolf Ladejinsky and others have shown, the benefits of the "green revolution" have not thus far been widely diffused. The major ones have accrued to owners of large farms, whether owner-operated or rented. Many tenants have been displaced by previously disinterested absentee landlords who have now elected personally to engage in the suddenly profitable farming of their own lands. Additional incentive has been provided by land-reform-imposed ceilings on the size of farm holdings, which favor ownership operation or promote evasions of well-intentioned provisions aimed at more widespread ownership and the protection of tenant security. Insecure tenants who have been permitted to continue farming find the higher crop benefits slipping through their fingers in the form of doubled and tripled rental payments. Soaring land values make even very small land purchases increasingly difficult for tenants desirous of acquiring their own farms.

Moreover, a great many operators of small, submarginal farms that lack assurance of adequate and controlled water supplies cannot obtain the credit needed to sink a tubewell or risk the cost of improved seeds and fertilizer which, in the absence of assured water, may fail to pay for themselves. Others who can count on water cannot obtain the credit they need for fertilizers and improved seeds. Finally, landless laborers who have benefited from the greater seasonal labor requirements of the new technology, and the better daily wages paid during the high labor season, have lost much of this benefit to inflated prices, and may in the end lose a great deal more as prosperous farmers turn increasingly to mechanization.

It is therefore not surprising, in view of the increasing income inequalities the "green revolution" has created in the countryside where some 70-80 per cent of India's population live and work, and of the unexpected ways in which some land reform measures have backfired, that rural unrest in India has been mounting rapidly. In parts of West Bengal, Kerala, Bihar, and other regions the "green revolution" has already begun to take on a reddish hue. Although my direct observation of the Indian scene is both limited and recent, I suspect that this emerging situation on the land must have contributed importantly to Mrs. Gandhi's determination, beginning with last year's decision to nationalize the banks, to move more aggressively toward the socialist objectives that the Congress Party has always professed. It has thus contributed also to her differences with "the Syndicate," which finally split the Congress Party asunder in November-December 1969. It is a compliment to Ambassador Bowles's perception that, as far back as 1967, he was able to foresee and warn against the political instability that sharp disparities in the distribution of increasing agricultural incomes would inevitably generate.

More recent reports from New Delhi advise that Mrs. Gandhi's post-split "new" Congress Party has determined to adopt more socialist measures: nationalization of imports and exports, nationalization of the grain trade, and further land reform. The first two of these appear more likely to appease popular animosities against rich traders than they are to improve the living levels of the poor. What additional measures of land reform could eliminate present evasions and abuses, and benefit substantially the poorest groups of submarginal farmers and landless laborers as well, is not so clear. Moreover, since responsibility for agricultural measures in India rests with the state governments rather than with the central government, and since most state governments appear to be controlled by the well-to-do farmers rather than by the poor ones, truly reformist, evasion-proof measures are not likely soon to be adopted. To complicate this situation even worse, many who sin-

"No, that's the terminal. The 747 is around in back."

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cerely desire to reduce existing inequalities and raise the living standards of the most unfortunate to more tolerable levels are troubled by the suspicion that these inequalities are essential to savings, capital formation, and continued economic growth.

Perhaps for reasons such as these, an increasing number of economists and observers familiar with the Indian scene have begun to advocate a vast rural works program that would provide supplementary employment to poor farmers and landless laborers in constructing access and linkage roads, digging tubewells, building small canals and dikes, and so on, all designed to effect quick increases in agricultural production and to provide purchasing power that would support new or expanded local industries in rural areas. This is what I had in mind earlier when I referred to the limits within which Ambassador Bowles's advocacy of a "butter today as well as tomorrow" strategy might have considerable merit. The size of such a program, to be meaningful, would require either substantial additions to deficit financing, or cutbacks in other current or capital expenditures, or increased taxation. Sizable deficit financing, at least for the short run, would be inflationary. Cutbacks in other public spending would be painful and difficult to effect. Additional tax revenues could at this juncture come most equitably from the new beneficiaries of the green revolution who control the state legislatures, which alone could enact such tax measures. These remarks suggest the difficulty of the problems and choices that now confront Mrs. Gandhi and her colleagues, and indicate how unstable and troubled politically may be the period that lies ahead for India.

It is clear that when Ambassador Bowles stressed the crucial importance of the land ownership and rural poverty problems for India and for the developing countries generally, he went intuitively to the very root of the difficulty—as many economists, with their theories, logic, and econometric models, do not. It is a cardinal virtue of this warm-hearted man's approach to the problems of India and of the developing nations generally that he sees them, not primarily in terms of savings, investment, and other economic functions and concepts, but in terms of the human beings whose needs, interests, and dignity must above all else be served.

Louis J. Walinsky, an economic development consultant to governments and international bodies, spent six years in Southeast Asia during the 1950s as chief economic adviser to the government of Burma.

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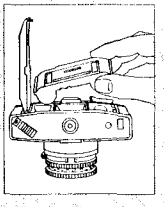

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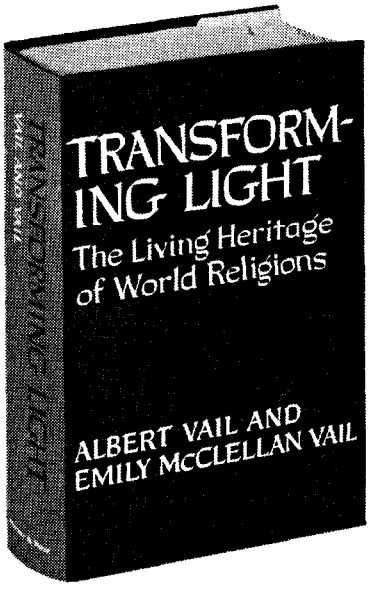

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AFRICA TO 1875:
A Modern History

by Robin Hallett, edited by Allan Nevins and Howard M. Ehrmann

University of Michigan Press, 502 pp., $8.95

THE AFRICAN GENIUS:
An Introduction to African Cultural and Social History

by Basil Davidson

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 367 pp., $7.95

BLACKS IN ANTIQUITY:
Ethiopians in the Greco-Roman Experience

by Frank M. Snowden, Jr.

Harvard University Press, 364 pp., $12.50

LOST EMPIRE ON THE NILE:
H. M. Stanley, Emin Pasha and the Imperialists

by Stanhope White

Roy, 288 pp., $5.25

Reviewed by Lorna Hahn

■ While most writers on African affairs are sincerely trying to shed light on the erstwhile dark continent, too often they unwittingly dim our perspective by striving for apologies rather than explanations, focusing on the exotic rather than the representative, and shrouding their findings in abstruse academese rather than a comprehensible lingua franca. Fortunately, the four authors under consideration here avoid these familiar pitfalls, and two at least have produced admirable combinations of scholarship, sophistication, and *Weltanschauung*. Particularly noteworthy is Robin Hallett's general history of the continent from the beginnings of mankind in East Africa to the start of nineteenth-century colonialism.

A research officer at the Institute of Commonwealth Studies and an associate fellow at St. Antony's College at Oxford, Hallett, who is the author of several books on Africa, is a veteran of many years' service on both coasts of the continent. He aptly displays his knowledge and experience in a work that combines a broad overview with detailed accounts of specific places and periods. Hallett's approach is clearly stated in the introduction, where he urges us to see the "ordinariness" rather than the bizarre in African developments, and to adopt a "morality of amorality" that will allow us simply to see people as they are rather than pass judgments upon them. *Mirabile visu,* he follows his own advice as he unfolds a story based on such heterodox sources as the written chronicles of classical historians, Muslim geographers, and European travelers, and the oral histories recounted by contemporary Africans.

Consciously (although not belligerently) refuting the cliché that "Africans have no history," Hallett cautions against equating "history" or "progress" with proliferation of material goods, sweeping military conquests, massive political units, or the accumulation of written archives. Instead, he emphasizes the importance of understanding the process as well as the manifestations of change within the total context of a society and its environment. "We cannot interpret human actions only in terms of practical response to particular situations," he states, since subtle evolutions of ideas or of codes of conduct, undiscernible to an outsider, may be just as representative of substantial "progress" as the spread of an empire.

Not that Africa has not produced some political and military achievements that would be impressive in anybody's terms. The eleventh-century empire of Ghana, for example, covered more than 100,000 miles of territory and was guarded by 200,000 warriors, one-fifth of whom were bowmen. But, Hallett reminds us, since few Africans ever built political structures of comparable dimensions, Western political standards and nomenclatures might not be applicable to African conditions.

"European political scientists tend to assume that systems of [political]

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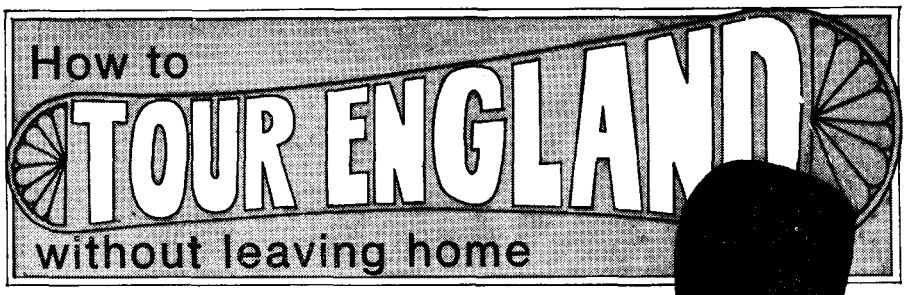
classification based only on European samples possess universal validity," he notes. Yet these classifications fail to consider such factors as the formidable geographical barriers that forced many Africans to live in small communities distinct — and sometimes quite distant—from their closest neighbors. In these small independent communities, democracies wherein all adult males contributed to making the usually simple political decisions, Hallett terms "stateless societies." Other systems in which groups of communities were loosely joined he calls "demi-states," reserving the word "state" for those large units wherein economic surplus permitted the development of a strong central authority (usually headed by a king). While providing these convenient categories for analyzing political life styles which were often so different from our own, he also warns against generalizations, emphasizing that each unit of African society was somewhat unique. Indeed, so extraordinary was the variety of Africa's political systems that West Africa alone produced more forms of government than any other part of the world of comparable size.

Hallett continues his emphasis upon individual communities when discussing the impact of the West upon Africa. Particularly commendable here is his unusually objective treatment of slavery and its disruptive repercussions. Thus he claims that probably thirty million Africans were removed or killed by the slave trade, and that many Africans were forced to cooperate with the traders in the nineteenth century in order to obtain the guns that had become necessary for their own survival. Yet he also shows how *jihads* (Muslim holy wars) and other internal factors also contributed to the decline of African societies, making them ripe for conquest by Europeans whose former admiration for the "noble savage" had been replaced by theories of racial superiority, and whose appetites for converts, colonies, prestige, and profits had become nearly insatiable. The book closes on this sordid but exciting imperialistic note, leaving us eagerly awaiting its sequel.

A fine complement to Hallett's work is provided by the venerable Africanist Basil Davidson, whose method is mainly that of the social anthropologist. A bit more visibly upset than his colleague by the practice of "taking material simplicity as proof of primitive savagery," he first praises African inventiveness in evolving civilizations without benefit of precedents upon which to build, such as the Greeks had. He then explains African societies' relative lack of material complexity, and of rapid change of almost any



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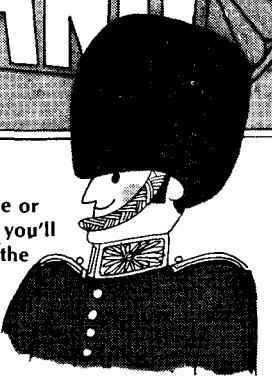

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sort, in terms of their need to evolve and maintain an equilibrium that would enable them to survive in their hostile physical environment. African societies thus tended to be conservative in two senses.

To understand this conservatism, says Davidson, we must realize that each society was based on a system of social thought, wherein what is, was, and ought to be were virtually identical. Things were as they were because they had to be that way, and to question the accepted, traditional ways was considered unreasonable or unthinkable. If this attitude did indeed choke off much creativity, it compensated by providing people with psychological as well as physical security. Even witchcraft, for example, served important social functions both by providing explanations for deviations from accepted norms of conduct and providing means of coping with them. Lest we find this hard to accept, Davidson reminds us that strong beliefs in witchcraft accompanied the political and social strains of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Europe, and that numerous modern Britons, particularly depressed persons suffering from guilt feelings, have confessed to acts of witchcraft as a means of expiating.

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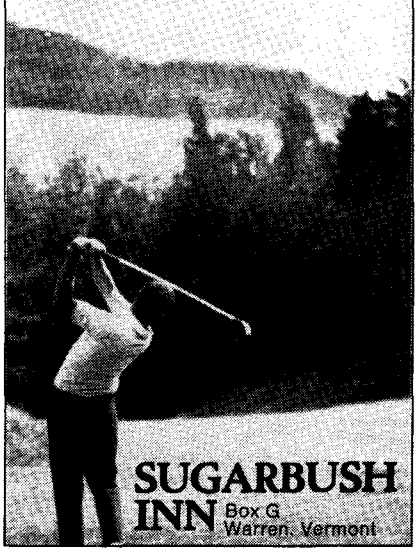

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The weakest part of the book is probably the last section, where Davidson attempts to peg much of contemporary African unrest to the displacement or distortion of traditional beliefs. True, all too many Africans have been left with very mixed bags of values. But surely the failure of Mulele's rebellion in the Congo was not due only to the deficiencies in the traditional beliefs of his followers, as Davidson suggests. Notwithstanding a few such exaggerations, Davidson has done a masterly job of explaining what makes Africans tick, and in curbing whatever inclinations we may have to condemn African traditions without really comprehending them.

In contrast with these broad, sweeping surveys, Frank Snowden, chairman of the Department of Humanities at Howard University, has focused solely on the roles of Africans (all known simply as Ethiopians) in ancient Greece and Rome. Drawing upon epigraphical, papyrological, numismatic, and archeological sources, as well as on written materials, Snowden has amassed an impressive amount of evidence proving that "Ethiopians" were not regarded mainly as slaves, but were also widely known as warriors, diplomats, athletes, and performers. Our past failures to recognize this, he claims, have been based not only on ignorance, but on our desire to read into antiquity our own prejudices about blacks and their capacities. Unfortunately, he is probably right about this, but his comprehensive and interesting work should do much to dispel many such prejudices.

If the three previous authors could be faulted on one general account, it might be their virtual omission of the glamour and gore that were once so effective in arousing interest in Africa. Their deficiency is compensated for by Stanhope White, a former British colonial official, in his account of how the Egyptian-controlled province of Equatoria, which was run by the German-Jewish-born Emin Pasha, fell prey to the ambitions of the major colonizing powers some ninety years ago. Drawing heavily upon the journals and letters of assorted travelers of the period, White spins a jolly good adventure story, complete with villain (Henry M. Stanley of "Mr. Livingstone ...?" fame), harrowing journeys into little-known regions (mainly in what is now called Uganda), and lurid accounts of tortures and beheadings by natives. They don't write them this way very often—but when they do, we must confess that we find it diverting.

Lorna Hahn is professor of African studies in the School of International Service at The American University.

Defense Business

Continued from page 31

present generation of professional managers—especially those who preside over the military-industrial complex—to think in terms of the case system. It is fitting and proper, therefore, that Proxmire's exposé of systematized incompetence, surfaced over with protective deceit, has taken that form. The shocker is the case of the C-5A, the mammoth cargo plane which ended by costing zillions more than were budgeted while failing to fill the military requirement for it. But the horror story of the C-5A has worked out as the very opposite of the classic Devil theory tale of war profiteering: Lockheed, the villain of the piece, far from being the beneficiary of this procurement disaster, has literally been grounded as a company. Lockheed's fiasco with the C-5A reinforces the moral pointed by General Dynamics' failure with the F-111 (otherwise known as "McNamara's Flying Edsel," because it failed to fill its double mission as an Air Force and Navy carrier plane as ignominiously as the Edsel did commercially).

Beginning with Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Robert Charles, a McNamara "whiz kid," bragging that he had negotiated the toughest contract ever made, and ending with Lockheed joining the army of supplicants for welfare, and with the Pentagon not knowing where to look for the solution to its proliferating money and logistics problems, the tragicomedy of errors as narrated in *Report from Wasteland* reads like a de-Hollywoodized version of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* But our current Mr. Smith has staked out his claim to stay in the Capital, to be heard, and to be dealt with as a power—which, indeed, Senator Proxmire's mastery of the job described in this book has made him.

Santayana speaks somewhere of quiet country gentlemen with the sense to resist the claims of the clergy. The professors of economics and their hierarchy of disciples who control the military-industrial complex are the secularized heirs of the clerical builders of models designed to be monuments of intellectual absolutism. In American economic society today the heirs of Santayana's commonsensical

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Ag; 2LB; 3Ci; 4Ec, *Count of Monte Cristo;* 5Hl, *Charterhouse of Parma;* 6Id, *Forsyte Saga;* 7Jj, *Gargantua & Pantraguel;* 8Ff, *Odyssey;* 9Be; 10 Ka, *Père Goriot;* 11 Gk; 12 Dh, *Anne of Green Gables.*

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country gentlemen are the practical businessmen with the sense to realize that defense business is bad business, and that the same logic of the marketplace which makes business better as it comes closer to the consumer makes it worse as it gets more enmeshed with the U.S. government's present way of doing business. Contrary to prevailing folklore, businesses that are rich, and know enough to stay so, avoid dealing with the government, while businesses that do not know better go the way of Lockheed. The stock market, for all its susceptibility to excess, has proved itself responsive to my suggestion, originally advanced during the escalation of crisis in 1965-66, that what inflates the defense budget deflates the stock market. Senator Proxmire has now furnished Wall Street with the kind of precise bill of particulars it relies upon to formalize its intuitions.

THE AIR NET: The Case Against the World Aviation Cartel

by K. G. J. Pillai

Grossman, 213 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Paul J. C. Friedlander

■ This is probably the dullest book ever written about a subject of such immediate, major concern and economic interest.

K. G. J. Pillai is an Indian lawyer who pursued and captured his doctor's degree in law at Yale University last year and who has since become an associate professor at the Indian Law Institute in New Delhi. In this pursuit Dr. Pillai came rather late upon the discovery that the world's international airlines have created a monstrous cartel out of their International Air Transport Association. He was shocked to learn that IATA had managed to conceal its machinations by swearing its 103 airline-members to secrecy whenever they met to fix fares and to establish the conditions of travel and of ground and cabin service that might be given the paying passengers.

So Mr. Pillai wrote his doctoral dissertation on this "air net," and with 179 pages of text and thirty-three of footnotes he proved to the satisfaction of his law faculty at Yale the validity of his revelations and allegations against IATA and the airlines whose well-controlled monster it is. He won not only his doctorate but also Yale's Ambrose Gherini Prize, an award that must have been made for his industry and dead-seriousness. It cannot have been for any felicity in the use of the English language.

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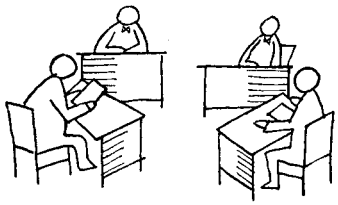
Mr. Pillai has to say is true. IATA was set up deliberately to regulate and control air fares and conditions of carriage; it was and is used by the airlines as a device to free them from blame for raising fares and restricting passenger privileges. It was always so simple to say, "Sorry, we can't help it; these are IATA's rules and we will be fined $25,000 if we violate them," though the airlines themselves had established these rules. What a perfect alibi to feed an unsuspecting public!

Fortunately, not all the public has been so unsuspecting and uninformed. Readers of the travel section of *The New York Times* over the past twenty years were made fully aware in frequent articles by this reporter of what IATA was, how the airlines would make public announcements in support of lower air fares and then, deep inside the warm secrecy of IATA's locked conference rooms, would vote against fare reductions. All it took was some journalistic enterprise and a few well-placed and friendly spies to destroy the illusion of remoteness IATA had created. It was amusing to watch the aviation and travel trade press pick up the spoor once the IATA's secrecy barrier had been broken and the organization stood revealed as the anti-passenger, price-fixing, traffic-pooling, government-controlled cartel it really was.

Dr. Pillai holds the Civil Aeronautics Board dear as a defender of the American traveler's rights against foreign airlines. Years of watching over the shoulder of the CAB have led me to the opposite conclusion—that the CAB has been woefully weak in speaking out in behalf of American travelers, and that as the aviation agency of the American government it has repeatedly sold the American traveler down the river by accepting the arguments and threats of foreign governments and knuckling under to the State Department when the latter knuckled under to pressures from foreign governments.

IATA has begun to fall apart, but neither the CAB nor our State Department nor the governments that own part if not most of the foreign-flag air-



lines can take credit for this decline. The nonscheduled or supplemental airlines helped, and so did the questioning attitude of the traveling public; finally, the IATA carriers loused themselves up with so much red tape, so many restrictions on the customer, so many days when you could not get the reduced fare, etc., that the public's rebelliousness penetrated a few militant carriers.

Last September, after years of warning IATA of its intentions, Alitalia upset the applecart with a schedule of reduced winter fares that blew the conference system wide open. IATA managed to close ranks, with the aid of much government pressure and threats to suspend the reciprocal landing rights of airlines that insisted on fare reductions, so the summer fare schedule, effective March 1, is not as beneficial to the traveler as the winter schedule was. But it will be enough better than last summer's to almost insure a prosperous season despite the Washington recession talk.

I do not suggest you take this book with you to read on your reduced-fare flight abroad this summer, except as a soporific. Airline executives and IATA staffers might get something out of it—a mild catharsis, perhaps—as may people who read doctoral dissertations for fun. It is enough for the tourist to know that the ignoble record of what the international airlines did to him and to themselves and to the travel industry has been footnoted between hard covers for future generations of students to worry at in their own good time.

Paul J. C. Friedlander, for twenty-two years travel editor of The New York Times, is now columnist for that newspaper's travel section.

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The Mayerling Murder. *By Victor Wolfson. Prentice-Hall.* $5.95. In the pre-dawn darkness of January 31, 1880, the bodies of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and his seventeen-year-old paramour were discovered in a hunting lodge near Vienna. Various reconstructions have been put forward in the intervening years. Mr. Wolfson's hypothesis carries conviction and authority; if it could be made to hold up, here lay the seeds of World War I.

Dillinger, Dead or Alive. *By Robert Nash and Ron Offen. Regnery.* $5.95. Back in the depths of the Great Depression the newsstands of Indianapolis were piled with "life stories" of John Dillinger. Who would have thought that the Hoosier Robin Hood would one day be the subject of a full-dress biography, complete with apparatus criticus, bibliography, index, appendices, and photographs? Messrs. Nash and Offen have toiled to good purpose. They haven't all the answers, but they certainly put the right questions.

John T. Winterich

Fiction

Crimes and Misfortunes: The Anthony Boucher Memorial Anthology of Mysteries. *Edited by J. Francis McComas. Random House.* $7.95. For seventeen years Anthony Boucher served as mystery critic for *The New York Times Book Review*. He loved his area of specialization and used his pen to keep the standards high. The twenty-nine short pieces, mostly stories, collected here were all donated by top writers in the field. Proceeds from the book's sales are to be divided equally between the Mystery Writers of America and the Science Fiction Writers of America, in memory of Mr. Boucher. Georges Simenon, Rex Stout, Margaret Millar, Robert L. Fish, and John Dickson Carr are among the contributors. The high quality of the work makes this anthology a fitting tribute to the man and a bonanza for the reader.

The Unfinished Clue. *By Georgette Heyer. Dutton.* $4.95. You know the setup: the English country weekend with an assortment of guests, including one sufficiently detestable for the others to want to murder. Well, it takes Georgette Heyer, who has written enough historical romances and thrillers to stock a library, seventy-seven pages to get someone to knock off Sir Arthur. The novel is, of course, professionally handled and the solution satisfactory, but one suspects the book will appeal more to the ladies than to the men.

Bury Him Darkly. *By John Blackburn. Putnam.* $4.50. Is there really something alive in the sealed, 200-year-old tomb? The events leading up to its opening make a dandy horror story, but what follows is nearer to science fiction, and a cut below the build-up.

Feathers for the Toff. *By John Creasey. Walker.* $4.50. Danny Bond is in jail for beating and robbing an old lady, and he will do nothing to clear himself of the charge. But a beautiful redhead is determined to help him, and Richard Rollison, known as the Toff, is helping her, and his man Jolly is helping him. The bulk of the action, believe it or not, takes place around a chicken farm. Note to John Creasey: Any toff worthy of the name would refer to the cheese dish as Welsh rabbit, not Welsh rarebit.

Double Identity. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $4.95. Alan Carlisle is flying to South America to become a bush pilot. Aboard the plane is a stranger who looks surprisingly familiar. He should, because it is Carlisle he resembles. Soon after, the look-alike is murdered, and Carlisle finds himself pretending to be a rich man's son in a milieu rife with suspects. Undoubtedly, you've come across variations on this theme, but Mr. Coxe pulls it off very well.

They Don't Make Them Like That Any More. *By James Leasor. Doubleday.* $5.95. Does 540K Mercedes mean anything to you? It's a 1937 two-seater sedan, and you'd better care a great deal about it (someone does, enough to kill) and other vintage automobiles before plunging into Mr. Leasor's four-wheel chase. A fascinating background for some readers may prove to be a roadblock for others.

The Chinese Agent. *By Michael Moorcock. Macmillan.* $4.50. Arnold Hotchkiss, also known as Jewelry Jules, is a Chinese-American thief come to London to steal the crown jewels. Instead, he acquires a package of stolen plans, is pursued by British and Red Chinese agents, both with small expense accounts, and ends up dead in his shorts on the Portobello Road, the victim of a hit-and-run horse and buggy. The touch is light (though there are moments when the author tries too hard to amuse) and, in the main, successful. I am eternally grateful for the following moment: "'Follow that cab,' he told the driver. 'Do what, mate?'"

Haskel Frankel

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Monogamy

Continued from page 25

signed to revitalize and deepen love in the marital relationship.

Another eminent psychologist and author, Dr. Sidney Jourard, suggests that we "re-invent marriage" by engaging in "serial polygamy to the same person." He points out that many marriages pass through a cycle of gratifying the needs of both partners, and are experienced as fulfilling until an impasse is reached. One partner or the other finds continuation in that form intolerable, and the marriage is usually legally dissolved at that point. He believes it is possible for the couple at this juncture to struggle with the impasse and to evolve a new marriage with each other, one that includes change, yet preserves some of the old pattern that remains viable. This is the second marriage that, whatever form it takes, will also reach its end. There may then again be a time of estrangement, a period of experimentation, and a remarriage in a new way—and so on for as long as continued association with the same spouse remains meaningful for both partners.

One of the originators of the group marathon technique, Dr. Frederick Stoller, has another interesting proposal to add new dimensions to marriage and family relationships. He suggests an "intimate network of families." His intimate network consists of a circle of three or four families who meet together regularly and frequently, share in reciprocal fashion any of their intimate secrets, and offer one another a variety of services. The families do not hesitate to influence one another in terms of values and attitudes. Such an intimate family network would be neither stagnant nor polite, but would involve an extension of the boundaries of the immediate family.

Another possibility to introduce new elements of growth and creativity to monogamy is contained in my own concept of the "new marriage," i.e., marriage as a framework for developing personal potential. This concept is based on the hypothesis that we are all functioning at a small fraction of our capacity to live fully in its total meaning of loving, caring, creating, and adventuring. Consequently, the actualizing of our potential can become the most exciting adventure of our lifetime. From this perspective, any marriage can be envisioned as a framework for actualizing personal potential. Thus, marriage offers us an opportunity to grow, and an opportunity to develop and deepen the capacity for loving and caring. Only in a continuing relationship is there a possibility for love to become deeper and fuller so that it envelops all of our life and extends into the community. However, growth, by its very nature, is not smooth and easy, for growth involves change and the emergence of the new. But growth and the actualization of personal potential are also a joyous and deeply satisfying process that can bring to marriage a *joie de vivre*, an excitement, and a new quality of zest for living.

There are a number of characteristics that form a unique Gestalt and distinguish the new marriage from contemporary marriage patterns:

- There is a clear acknowledgment by both partners concerning the *personal relevance* of the human potentialities hypothesis: that the healthy individual is functioning at a fraction of his potential.

- Love and understanding become dynamic elements in the actualization of the marital partners' personal potential.

- Partners in the new marriage conceive of their union as an evolving, developing, flexible, loving relationship.

- In the new marriage there is planned action and commitment to achieve realization of marriage potential.

- The new marriage is here-and-now oriented and not bound to the past.

- There is clear awareness by husband and wife that their interpersonal or relationship environment, as well as their physical environment, directly affects the actualization of individual potential.

- There is clear recognition by spouses that personality and the actualization of human potential have much to do with the social institutions and structures within which man functions. The need for institutional and environmental regeneration is acknowledged by both partners as being personally relevant, leading to involvement in social action.

- Husband and wife have an interest in exploring the spiritual dimensions of the new marriage.

Since it is often difficult for two people to actualize more of their marriage potential by themselves, participants in the new marriage will seek out group experiences designed to deepen their relationship and functioning as a couple. Such experiences are now being offered at Growth Centers that have sprung up in many parts of the United States. Extension divisions of institutions of higher learning and church organizations are also increasingly offering such group experiences. Based on my many years of practice as marriage counselor, it has long been my conclusion that every marriage needs periodic rejuvenation and revitalization. This is best accomplished in a couples group that focuses on the development of greater intimacy, freedom, joy, and affection.

The challenge of marriage is the adventure of uncovering the depth of our love, the height of our humanity. It means risking ourselves physically and emotionally; leaving old habit patterns, and developing new ones; being able to express our desires fully, while sensitive to the needs of the other; being aware that each changes at his own rate, and unafraid to ask for help when needed.

Has monogamy failed? My answer is "no." Monogamy is no longer a rigid institution, but instead an evolving one. There is a multiplicity of models and dimensions that we have not even begun to explore. It takes a certain amount of openness to become aware on not only an intellectual level but a feeling level that these possibilities face us with a choice. Then it takes courage to recognize that this choice in a measure represents our faith in monogamy. Finally, there is the fact that every marriage has a potential for greater commitment, enjoyment, and communication, for more love, understanding, and warmth. Actualizing this potential can offer new dimensions in living and new opportunities for personal growth, and can add new strength and affirmation to a marriage.

WIT TWISTER #161

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The guards do still _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ thee, royal ghost,
As if thy _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ shone with stones more real
Than these of mist and moon; as if thy host
Of warriors could, poor _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _, breathe and feel!

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 78*)

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—*Siegfried Lauterwasser.*

Karajan the conductor—"The Berlin Philharmonic responds to him as very few orchestras do to even fewer conductors."

Karajan Completes The Ring

by PAUL MOOR

SALZBURG.

Eastertide in Salzburg this year brought Herbert von Karajan's new production of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, the culmination of his production of the *Ring* tetralogy and, conceivably, the high point thus far in the blazing career of Salzburg's most renowned native son since Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Some time ago, in a somewhat similar situation, a fellow Macedonian of the Karajanopoulos family's ancestors wept because no worlds remained for him to conquer. Karajan, unlike Alexander, has no dearth of future plans. His performance of *Götterdämmerung*, like the rest of the cycle, proved a musical triumph, although dramatically it remained as disappointing and amateurish as the opening of the cycle (*Die Walküre*) in 1967. The highest attainment of this entire undertaking may well prove not the performances on the stage of Salzburg's cavernous Festspielhaus, but the phonograph recordings made earlier in the Jesus-Christus-Kirche in Berlin.

PAUL MOOR is a well-known writer on music based in Berlin who has written for Time-Life publications among others.

According to the prevailing popular impression, the average artist's mastery of technology just barely encompasses the pencil sharpener and the nonelectric egg beater. In the case of Karajan, one takes quite for granted that he pilots his own airplane, and although one has heard nothing as yet about computers' involvement in his *Ring* production, the possibility would hardly have seemed incongruous. From the standpoint of production-line techniques, Karajan has proved himself the Henry Ford of music. Without such alertness to modern technology and a quick understanding of its adaptability to music, the Salzburg *Ring* would never have come about.

The procedure has remained the same with each of the four operas. First, Karajan assembled his soloists in Berlin to record each year's opera with the Berlin Philharmonic for Deutsche Grammophon. Each singer then received his own role, edited but complete, on a tape cassette; thus, for the following half year or so, no matter where or in what surroundings, the singer had only to flip on his little cassette tape machine in order to have, in effect, a rehearsal with Karajan himself. In theory, the entire cast would assemble for the stage production in Salzburg having already assimilated both by rote and by heart not only their own roles but Karajan's interpretation. By using the tapes for accompaniment right up to the final full-dress rehearsals, this procedure reduced both the number of rehearsals necessary and the cost of stage rehearsals. (In the several instances of dual casting, one can only speculate as to the psychological abrasion involved, for instance, in Jess Thomas's having to rehearse to Helge Brilioth's voice on tape, or Walter Berry's synchronizing his actions to Thomas Stewart's voice.) This advance planning also meant that the well-heeled audiences at the Salzburg performances found the documentary recordings already for sale, elsewhere they came out several months later.

Karajan's rationalistic approach to opera in a technological age recalls the Chicago slaughterhouses' famous approach to the pig: Everything gets used except the squeal. Not all aspects of Karajan's original overall plan, though, have worked out quite so efficiently. His ideas about a television film on the festival, possibly even a film of the performances, have not proved entirely feasible—despite the fact that he has, naturally, his own television producing company, the Swiss-based Cosmotel. Even before he

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began the cycle, Karajan had an agreement with Rudolf Bing whereby he would pack, so to speak, each Salzburg production into a container and ship it intact to the Metropolitan. This arrangement worked, to a degree, with the first two operas (the Met stage is of quite a different conformation than the Salzburg area), but the recent strike forced postponement of *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* for two years at least. The cycle began in Salzburg in 1967 with a wistful dream of adding one production each year until the 1970 festival would present the entire *Ring* tetralogy. Financial reality killed this idea almost at the beginning, and even the compromise plan of reviving the preceding year's production to go with the annual premiere has proved too costly; this year's Easter festival offered no other opera besides the new *Götterdämmerung*.

Nevertheless, Germany's leading critics this Eastertide cried "*Heil!*" in a chorus that might have warmed the heart of Siegfried himself. The dean of German critics, H. H. Stuckenschmidt, issued an imperious bull stating that "there is no hope for those who, after this *Ring* production, fail to recognize Karajan as this epoch's presenter [*Gestalter*] of opera"; and Karl Heinz Ruppel wrote in the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, "If it is even permissible to use in a critique such a weighty and uniquely selective word as 'unforgettable,' then it applies to this *Götterdämmerung*." With all due respect, both to Karajan and to his critic-fans, I beg to differ, and in doing so I go back for my text, like Karajan himself in his remarkably revealing Wagnerian interpretations, to the original score itself.

The language of Wagner's libretti has today become downright grotesque; if one of Germany's satirical *Kabarett* groups played excerpts from them, quite straight but without music, they could easily break up audiences without even trying. This ornate linguistic bombast, however, does not alter the importance of the text itself, of its actual content, to Wagner's artwork as a whole. Wagner pointedly called these stage works not operas but music-dramas; in Salzburg, at Karajan's hands, the music gets its glorious just due, but the drama gets short shrift indeed. One must, of necessity, realize the text as well as the music. In Salzburg, even native German-speakers shared my crossness with the incomprehensibility of almost every word of the text. The performers remain, in effect, speechless; they do not even employ pantomime to get their emotions across the footlights. One finds, instead of music-drama, costumed oratorio.

The blame must not go to the singers for their incomprehensibility, since Karajan, both as conductor and as stage director, forced them to struggle against a number of unnecessary obstacles. The cast included, with one or two exceptions, no voices of the volume one customarily calls Wagnerian. If Karajan had maintained in the pit the chamber-music transparency that marked the first Festival in 1967, this deficiency would have mattered less, but unfortunately he didn't. In addition to having less than clarion voices, he chose to mask the stage with a scrim during the opera's entire six-hour running time; any scrim, no matter how transparent, acts as a barrier to a singer, and Wagner's scoring itself presents them with barriers enough. These combined obstacles resulted in the orchestra's covering the singers not once but repeatedly, and by covering I mean completely drowning out.

I fervently wish Karajan took himself less seriously as a stage director. Many another writer shares this wish; *Die Welt's* critic Gerhard Brunner wrote flatly that "Karajan's staging merits no discussion" and left it at that. When I asked one of the leading members of the Salzburg ensemble what he thought of Karajan as a stage director, the singer, as if God might overhear a spoken response, replied only by making a wry face and using a thumb and middle finger to form a zero.

Karajan himself says he "needs" to stage the operas he conducts in order to coordinate action as closely as possible with his musical conception, but I think we may fairly dismiss that as self-serving humbug. No self-respecting opera house in the world would engage Karajan as stage director only, and certainly no major conductor would work with him in that capacity.

I esteem Walter Felsenstein, the director of East Berlin's Komische Oper, as today's greatest operatic stage director, and I celebrate Karajan as a conductor of superlative gifts, but Felsenstein's superficial abilities as a conductor, if indeed he has any at all, interest me no more than Karajan's as a stage director. By arrogating to himself an auxiliary art and craft he comes even nowhere near mastering, Karajan deprives us all, by refusing to work with the few stage directors worthy of him, of what might well prove, both musically *and* dramatically, the supreme operatic productions of our time. One must hope that it will soon, finally, penetrate to him that in indulging himself and in his playing at stage

—Photos by E. Fred Sher.

Karajan the stage director at work on the 1968 production of "Das Rheingold" at the Metropolitan—the performers are

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directing he does himself immeasurable musical, theatrical, and general artistic harm.

At times, however, Karajan conducts like a dream. The superb Berlin Philharmonic responds to him as very few orchestras do to even fewer conductors, and the result, particularly during the purely orchestral interludes, repeatedly approaches perfection. That flexibility of nuance with which he adapts to a singer's breathing, the subtle expressivity with which he leads the transition from one tempo to another, the freshness he instills into even the least inventive and most hackneyed passages—Karajan shares these abilities to this degree of refinement with few of his colleagues.

The Salzburg cast on opening night had much to offer; any time you find the roles of, for instance, the first and second Norns assigned to such singers as Lili Chookasian and Christa Ludwig, you know nobody has skimped on the casting. Miss Ludwig, who also sang Waltraute, provided the best vocal quarter-hour of the evening during Waltraute's lengthy narrative. Helga Dernesch sang Brünnhilde with a rich voice, as exactly on pitch as a needle in a groove, characterized by an enriching vibrato totally free from tremolo. My estate in life makes it inevitable for me to think back to the days when giants filled such roles, and honesty prevents my elevating Miss Dernesch into their company, but then her Wagnerian career has barely begun. I can easily imagine that her performance on the recording might give one goose flesh, and she has a bright stage future awaiting her.

In fact, the recording studio would benefit almost all the singers, especially Helge Brilioth, the young Swede whom Karajan miscast as Siegfried. Poor fellow, he has a really beautiful tenor voice, but he neither looks nor sounds like young Siegfried, who ideally should have a shot-putter's physique and a bugle in his larynx. This Salzburg mishap, although sizable, should not prevent Brilioth's having a big career in roles more apt for him.

Karl Ridderbusch, the hulking young alp of a basso who sang Hagen with impressive power but probably inappropriate refinement, came, vocally, through that abominable scrim better than any of his cohorts. Thomas Stewart, from San Saba, Texas, long a pillar of the Bayreuth company as well as a Salzburg regular, sang Gunther with great dignity and range of expression. The sweetest voice of the evening belonged to the Gutrune, Gundula Janowitz; its buttery timbre makes most sopranos sound downright coarse by comparison. Zoltán Kelemen loomed large, sonorous, and hateful as Alberich. Catarina Ligendza, as the third Norn, and Liselotte Rebmann, Edda Moser, and Anna Reynolds—the Rhine maidens of *Das Rheingold*—stood out again as distinguished artists. Walter Hagen-Groll had trained the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Salzburg Festival Chorus to a high level of distinction.

From the very beginning, Günther Schneider-Siemssen's sets have afforded me little satisfaction, even though I fully acknowledge the problems confronting him in the super-Cinerama format of the Salzburg theater's proscenium arch. Throughout this entire *Ring*, all the emphasis on circular visual motifs (circle equals ring, get it?) strikes me as absolutely simple-minded. That ring got broken at a textually appropriate point in the Salzburg *Walküre* three years ago, but even so it keeps cropping up right through *Götterdämmerung*, now as a projection in the sky, now as a sort of Stonehenge background resting on four big pillars. All those cyclorama projections I found monotonous, revealing little more, I suspect, than mere poverty of imagination.

Next year *Fidelio*—in observance of the Beethoven year, which Karajan has decided to extend into 1971. "In subsequent years," as he puts it, he will return to Wagner, "beginning with a production of *Tristan und Isolde*"—something I hope not to miss, even if I only listen to it with my eyes closed. In Salzburg, Karajan proudly announced the founding of the "Research Institute of the Herbert von Karajan Foundation for Experimental Musical Psychology at the Psychological Institute of the University of Salzburg." He also announced a competition for youth orchestras this autumn in Berlin, where, he says, "I myself" will conduct an orchestra comprising the best players, and he plans a school in Berlin to train orchestral players. He did not announce, indeed he dodged a direct question about his future fulfillment of remaining obligations at the Met, but one hears that New York may be having a six- rather than four-year *Ring*. Karajan will reportedly also make an unprecedented sortie into East Germany to record *Meistersinger*.

But, as of 1970, Karajan has accomplished the almost unimaginable: In just over three years, he has turned Mozart's Salzburg into a *Wagnerstadt*. Only financial problems prevent his performing his *Ring* production as a complete cycle every season. Thanks to this and this alone, Bayreuth can, at least for the present, breathe easy.

Sherrill Milnes (Donner), Rod McWherter (Froh), Anna Reynolds (Fricka), with Martti Talvela (Fasolt) and Gerhard Stolze (Mime).

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A Burst of Berlioz

At long last, after years of being more discussed than listened to, Hector Berlioz has reached the stage of being heard almost in full. His representation on stereo up till now has been spread but sketchy. The overtures; several versions of the *Requiem*, *L'Enfance du Christ*, *Nuits d'été*; *La Damnation de Faust* in the less than satisfying versions by Markevitch and Munch; a good *Mort de Cléopâtre* (Tourel-Bernstein) and *Lélio* (Boulez); the four symphonies, three of them copiously duplicated but with no really satisfactory performance of No. 4, the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale; Béatrice et Bénédict*, lightweight among his operas; and a few scenes from *Les Troyens*, arbitrarily assembled and cut. Three important works that form an entire wall of the Berlioz edifice—*Les Troyens* (complete), *Benvenuto Cellini*, and the *Te Deum*—have been overlooked, leaving a deplorable gap in our concept of the composer's "monumental" style. The massed trumpets and trombones of the *Requiem* have had to make do, in popular fancy, for that infinitely more sober and complex approach of Berlioz's later years exemplified in *Les Troyens* and the *Te Deum*.

Fortunately, the picture has begun to change with a complete cycle, in preparation for Philips, conducted by Colin Davis. The entire *Troyens* will be released before long. On the more intimate side we have already been given a *Mort de Cléopâtre*, with the soprano Anne Pashley, as well as much of the seldom heard *Tristia*. And now the mighty *Te Deum*, previously available only on a grandly performed (Sir Thomas Beecham) but dimly reproduced version in mono, has been issued by Philips (stereo, SAL 3724, $5.98) in what, with the exception of the tenor solo, may well be the finest Berlioz on discs.

Much has been made of the work's alleged similarity to the earlier *Requiem*: its huge dimensions and resurgent approach to the Last Judgment. Even Berlioz, in writing to Liszt after the first performance of the *Te Deum*, declared: "The *Requiem* has a brother." And yet their substance differs. The *Requiem*, nonconformist, emphasizes the vaulting, the rhapsodic. The *Te Deum*, boldly classical, enjoys an interaction of sweeping line and sober detail on the plane of the traditional masters. I should not hesitate to place it alongside the *Missa Solemnis* in architectural strength and perhaps ahead in communicability. Consider the proportions, the texture (did Berlioz ever spin a more poetic melody than the organ theme of the "Tibi omnes"?), the irresistible rhythmical pulse. As the concluding "Judex crederis"—that juggernaut of terror and salvation—rolls along, the *ostinato* throbbing relentlessly, one is drawn in its wake until (with the final flashing of trumpets, the transfigured reappearance, telescoped and affirmative, of the organ theme) the realization comes that this has been a unique experience in music.

Two instrumental movements not essential to the score as a concert piece —an interlude leading to the "Dignare" and a final "March for the Presentation of the Colors"—have been omitted; and it appears that Berlioz himself set the precedent for this deletion. Thus his *Te Deum* has been integrally recorded, and the result is glorious. The London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, the Wadsworth School Boy's Choir, and organist Nicolas Kynaston fill out a perfect ensemble. Colin Davis gives new and shining proof of his mastery. In the face of such an achievement, I must note a single flaw: the singing of that Gluckian tenor solo, "Te ergo quaesumus," by Franco Tagliavini, who brings to its astringent measures an alien, overripe flavor. He does not exaggerate; nowhere does he stray from the letter of the score; but his timbre is disturbingly inappropriate.

Not only has Philips come through with the Berlioz "monumental" style. Angel (S-36695) is offering the final act of *Les Troyens* (uncut) with a cast headed by Janet Baker as Dido and including an unspecified Anna, Iopas, Narbal. Alexander Gibson conducts the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. The *raison d'être* for this new recording would seem to be Miss Baker, who is also heard on the disc's reverse side in *La Mort de Cléopâtre*; and in many ways she justifies the choice. Owing to a strange decision on the part of Angel a few years back, Régine Crespin recorded the first part of this act—notably the aria "Adieu, fière cité"—but never got to sing the wonderful closing scene. On the basis of the pages that overlap, I must express a preference for Crespin—she is more womanly, sumptuous, operatic. Yet Baker's "Adieu" comes off quite touchingly; and, although her voice may lack the opulent tone one associates with Dido, it has strength and amplitude at climactic moments. The star aside, this recording works a public service in that it enables us to make contact (before the impending complete *Troyens*) with those magnificent choruses of the final scene. A study of the piano-vocal score can reveal only the music's bare

(*Continued on page 75*)

—*Gérard Neuvecelle.*

Studio set up for "Damnation of Faust"—"excellent cast and superb group of players."

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Bonynge's "Don Giovanni"

Nearly two hundred years' worth of esteem has been lavished on Mozart's *Don Giovanni.* Many consider it the perfect opera. Any conductor approaching it must feel the weight of this reverence and attempt to reveal its beauties as best he can. Richard Bonynge, the conductor of the new London recording of the work (stereo, OSA 1434, $23.92), pays it homage by taking a fresh look at the score. Considering his well-known interest in singing styles of the past, it is not surprising that he has re-examined Mozart's melodic lines—not only as they are written down, but as a singer of Mozart's time might have interpreted his notation.

Five years ago, Charles Mackerras took the same kind of look at *Le Nozze di Figaro* in preparing and conducting performances of the opera at London's Sadler's Wells. His performances may go down in history, eventually, as having marked the beginning of the end of the early twentieth-century style of performing Mozart's operas—a tradition that began in Germany. This *Don Giovanni* recording, by reaching a much larger audience, may prove to be a more important experiment, and the second step in a trend.

All of Mozart's unwritten appoggiaturas are honored in this performance. Hearing them makes it clear that they must be performed if Mozart's melodies are to have their intended grace. For a simple sample of an appoggiatura's elegance, try singing "Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella" (from *Figaro*) as written, with the *"bel"* of *"bella"* on the same note as the final syllable, and then try it, as intended, by raising the *"bel"* a tone so that it is the same note as the *"ia"* of *"gioia."* A bumpy ending is replaced by a graceful fall when the appoggiatura is performed. It is difficult to understand how the practice of not performing them ever gained favor. The established Glyndebourne tradition of ignoring them has been, without doubt, an influential factor, since Fritz Busch's performances and recordings were such models of lively, graceful Mozart conducting in other ways. But styles change, and every period must develop its own preferences in performers and the music of the past.

Bonynge's singers also introduce ornaments. These are very discreetly applied and are limited to modest little cadenzas—made up of just a few notes—at appropriate *fermatas* (pauses which ask for some filling in), and to simple decoration of the melody when an opening theme reappears at the end of an aria. It is possible that Mozart might have expected more elaboration than this, but it is likely that Bonynge consciously (and wisely) decided not to overdo things.

Bonynge makes another bow to eighteenth-century practices when he employs a small chamber orchestra of the size Mozart probably had at his disposal for the opera's first performance in Prague. He could not have found a better one than the English Chamber Orchestra, and he balances its strings and winds nicely. He also turns his attentions to the problems of correctly interpreting Mozart's rhythmic intentions. The other elements of style—tempi, dynamics, and the use of *rubato*—do not seem to concern him as much. His tempi are well judged for the singers' comfort, but frequently tend to be on the bland side. And the manner in which he slows down at the end of some sections is too reminiscent of the ways of the "romantic" conductors. His leadership is controlled and precise within the confines of many individual arias, but he gives the impression of not having charted the superstructure of the opera's two long acts sufficiently well. His concern with detail also appears to blur his view of the big picture. Dramatic values are underplayed, momentum is not generated from piece to piece, and tension sags. When *Don Giovanni* begins to seem long and tedious (as it does here), something is seriously wrong. Other conductors have planned and shaped this music better. It is Bonynge's lack of dramatic flair that makes this performance so tame and, ultimately, so disappointing. In this respect, he does a disservice to Mozart, notwithstanding the honor he shows him by trying, in other ways, to be ultrafaithful to his intentions.

The cast is made up of virtuoso singers; it had to be. Singers with limited technical skill would not have been able to execute such a vocally elaborate edition of the score. It is a credit to all that they perform in this uncommon style with such authority and without traces of self-consciousness. It is obvious that the performance was painstakingly prepared and rehearsed.

For me, the star of the performance is Pilar Lorengar as Donna Elvira. The slight flutter in her tone may trouble some listeners, but this is a minor matter in view of the excellence of her singing. It is always poised and vibrantly alive. Lorengar, properly, gives us an Elvira who is neither shrewish nor ridiculous, but rather a passionate young woman who has personality—and troubles—enough not to care about her public image (unlike the up-tight Donna Anna, who seems to care for nothing else). For me, she is the best exponent of the role since Schwarzkopf.

Joan Sutherland deserves praise for keeping the difficult but unspectacular role of Donna Anna in her active repertoire. She contributes a well-sung performance, but lacks Lorengar's gift

(*Continued on page* 78)

"You know what I wish? I wish I belonged to a species that got a new mate every season!"

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Recordings in Review

Mozart by Serkin (Peter)

MOZART: *Fantasia in C minor (K. 475); Sonata in C minor (K. 457); Sonata in F (K. 533); Präludium and Fugue in C (K. 394); Fantasia in D minor (K. 397); Rondo in D (K. 485); and Rondo in A minor (K. 511). Peter Serkin, piano.* RCA stereo, LSC 7062, $11.96.

MOZART by Serkin has long been a warrant of quality and the present indications are that it will continue long after what might be considered even an exceptional life-span. That is, with the slight adjustment from Mozart by Serkin (Rudolf) to Mozart by Serkin (Peter).

Whether it will retain an equally wide appeal is rather another matter. Thanks to the accelerated pace at which careers are exploited at present, Serkin *fils* may soon, in his early twenties, have as much solo recorded exposure as his famous father was accorded at nearly twice that age. And that was only after the latter had served a celebrated apprenticeship in excellence as pianistic collaborator with the late master violinist, Adolf Busch.

To his present task, Peter Serkin brings an imposing list of attributes: fine pianistic facility, superior musicianship, and a seriousness of purpose that is at times all but overwhelming. What he does not provide (nor could he be expected to provide) is the maturity, insight, and wisdom to realize all the aspects of the literature he has undertaken to perform. Is it proper, then, to find fault with performances lacking an attribute that a young performer could hardly be expected to possess? Only in the circumstance that justice to Mozart is, in the end, the indispensable consideration, and its present absence is not to be condoned in terms of a future, speculative promise.

Prevailingly, it is seriousness of purpose that Peter Serkin provides to replace mature understanding, and scholarship in lieu of rounded insight. He is at his best in the C-major prelude and fugue, in which such attributes fill much of the needed requirements, or in the portions of the F-major sonata that take in similar contrapuntal elements. But the C-minor fantasia (and its following sonata) is weighted down with a kind of deadly seriousness that rules out other necessary values to complete Mozart's emotional communication.

The two-disc issue is enhanced by

—*Ellinger.*

Sylvia Geszty—"flourish, fluency, and a glossy vocal finish."

Bernard Jacobson's excellent essay on the nature of Mozart's creative involvement with the piano in solo music vs. concerted writing. He dwells at appropriate length on the *dramatic* force that flowed through almost everything Mozart wrote, including his sonatas. But it is exactly in the dramatic context that Peter Serkin's projection of such writing is wanting. It is full of logic, intellectual probity, and fidelity to the high-minded esthetic to which he subscribes, but it is lacking in leavening humor, emotional extroversion, and that touch of nature which makes the world kin.

Vaughan Williams for Voices

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Merciless Beauty; Along the Field; Ten Blake Songs. Lois Winter, soprano; John Langstaff, baritone; Marvin Morgenstern, violin; Hiroko Yajima, violin; John Goberman, cello; and Ronald Roseman, oboe.* Desto stereo, DC-6482, $5.98.

HERE IS that real recorded rarity, a disc of almost major consequence from an independent producer utilizing performers of quality if not of celebrity. The choice of materials and interpreters is beyond cavil, the order of effort mostly good. The evidences of less than top resources come into the processing and, eventually, at some points in the interpretative chain where the links tend to weaken.

However, for those who are willing to trade a little in interpretative and reproductive finesse for the pleasures of the mostly unfamiliar material herein conveyed, this is an effort with many more rewards than disabilities. The material throughout is expressive of the rarefied artistic objectives of Vaughan Williams, his response to verbal imagery, and his ability to create a new entity rather than merely a combination of words and music. The kinds of accompaniments employed (no piano, as the credits above make clear) are indicative of his striving for an outcome that is just rather than performable.

That may, of itself, be a reason why the material is less well known than, in terms of merit, it might be otherwise. Miss Winter's effort is wholly artistic and sometimes eloquent. Her restrictions show themselves when substantial volume is required, and she can attain it only through force. Langstaff's cultivation as an art singer is newly apparent from this endeavor, especially in the Blake songs. Outstanding among the associated performers is oboist Ronald Roseman.

The engineering is basically good, in terms of presence, balance, and microphone placement. However, there has apparently been a need for added resonance through use of electronic enhancement or an echo chamber. Either way, it leaves an unfortunate afterhang in some final phrases.

The Art of Geszty

STRAUSS: *"Grossmächtige Prinzessin" (Ariadne auf Naxos).* MOZART: *"Der Hölle Rache" (Die Zauberflöte), "Ach, ich liebte" (Die Entführung aus dem Serail).* OFFENBACH: *"Phöbus stolz im Sonnenwagen" (Contes d'Hoffmann).* ROSSINI: *"Una voce poco fa" (Il Barbiere).* BELLINI: *"Qui la voce sua soave" (I Puritani).* VERDI: *"Caro nome" (Rigoletto); "Volta la terrea," "Saper vorreste" (Un Ballo). Sylvia Geszty, soprano; with Berlin Radio Orchestra conducted by Kurt Masur.* London stereo, OS 26114, $5.98.

SYLVIA GESZTY is the latest addition to the ever lengthening list of those who, as one of them described herself to me some years ago, "sing coloratura." That is to say, those who give every evidence of deriving a pleasurable sensation from encompassing difficulties with ease, facility, total physical composure, and absence of strain.

She has been widening her scope and extending her range of activity in the ten years since her debut at the Staatsoper in East Berlin, and was recently awarded prominence as Zerbinetta in the Angel-Kempe-directed recording of *Ariadne auf Naxos.* Thus it is hardly surprising that the present collection begins with another version of Zerbinetta's "Grossmächtige Prinzessin," sung with flourish, fluency, and a glossy

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vocal finish that characterizes her sound in everything she sings. Intonation is no problem for Geszty, nor is the production of a proper trill.

What is a problem for Geszty—assuming it is a matter to which she has given serious thought—is to make a differentiation between the Queen of the Night in Mozart's "Der Hölle Rache" and Gilda in Verdi's "Caro nome," or Rosina's "Una voce poco fa" from Rossini's *Barbiere* and Oscar (the Page's) "Volta la terrea fronte alle stelle" from Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera*. It is barely possible that Miss Geszty is the kind of performer who requires strong-handed direction to bring out her best, and Kurt Masur's accompaniments do not qualify for that description. On the other hand, a singer with a positive personality could hardly keep it so successfully concealed as Miss Geszty does in most of these opera excerpts. (Olympia's "Phöbus stolz im Sonnenwagen" from Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann* does sound like an automaton.) The recording is beautifully accomplished.

Trumpet from the Antipodes

HANSON: *Concerto.* LOVELOCK: *Concerto. John Robertson, trumpet; with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra conducted by Joseph Post, O.B.E.* Victrola stereo, VICS stereo, 1437, $2.98.

THERE ARE at least three reasons for investigating the content of this unusual disc (produced in association with the APRA Music Foundation and the Australian Broadcasting Commission). Trumpet concertos, especially of contemporary origin, are far from common: virtuosi who may be entrusted with them when they do occur rarely have the opportunity to record them, and examples of current musical standards in Australia are hard to come by.

Exposure to the content of the disc suggests that the interests are valid in reverse order to the citation above. That is, the point of lasting information is that bearing on Australian musical performance. The orchestra under Post's direction (he has since become director of the New South Wales Conservatory, to be replaced as conductor by Moshe Atzmon, a winner of laurels in the Dimitri Mitropoulos Competition of 1963) conforms to a high professional standard. John Robertson was for two years principal trumpet of the Toronto Symphony, and he blends technical brilliance with artistry. But it is improbable that the works the orchestra and its principal trumpet perform so well will find favor beyond other trumpet players.

Australian-born Raymond Hanson's work dates to 1952, when it was given its introductory performance by the present soloist and orchestra with the late Eugene Goossens conducting. It has its share of moody content, progressing from a rather quiet beginning through a quasi-slow movement to an extensive finale (the three tempo divisions fall within a single movement). Its shortcoming is in the quality of ideas expounded. The work of William Lovelock (born in London and director of the Queensland Conservatorium between 1956 and 1959) strives for less and achieves it with about equal success. That is, it provides Robertson with a wide range of opportunities to exercise his facility, this time in a lighter, less introspective way than in the Hanson work. It might even make a place for itself on "Prom" and "Pop" programs—especially if Al Hirt applied himself to its promotion. The recorded quality, incidentally, shows that the state of the art in Australia is happy, healthy, and flourishing.

—DGG-Stephan Brosch.

Jones—"surely has what must be called a Leonore voice."

"Fidelio" by Böhm

BEETHOVEN: *"Fidelio." Gwyneth Jones (Leonore), Edith Mathis (Marzelline), Peter Schreier (Jaquino), Franz Crass (Rocco), Theo Adam (Don Pizarro), James King (Florestan), Martti Talvela (Don Fernando), and Eberhard Büchner (Erster Gefangener); with Karl Böhm conducting the Dresden State Orchestra and the Leipzig Radio Chorus.* DGG stereo, 138 288-90, $17.98.

KARL BOEHM has been the instigator of so many memorable *Fidelios* here and abroad during the last decade and a half that the prospect of a new recorded one under his direction carried more than ordinary interest (the prior one on Vox dates to the earliest period of LP). Taken altogether, his leadership is the outstanding element in this endeavor (together with the response to it by the Dresden Orchestra), but it is also a reminder that, without such a Leonore as Rysanek or Nilsson, Böhm is restricted from accomplishing the kind of result attained with them.

The Welsh-born Gwyneth Jones surely has what must be called a Leonore voice, which is to say that she is not lacking at either end of the scale, high or low. And it is certainly impressive to hear a soprano sail into the final flourish of "Abscheulicher!" with no trepidation whatever about where she is coming out. But in between the extremes, Miss Jones is not yet mistress of her means, with results that can only be described as approximate rather than exact. In the ensembles she constantly overpowers her companions through either the inability or the refusal to sing softer than *mezzo forte*. As for characterization, it is primitive at best and disaffecting when conveyed through a sound that is lacking in sweetness or warmth.

As Miss Mathis's voice is also heavier and more mature in sound than a Marzelline's should be, the female side of the vocal equation does not balance the male. Indeed, the special distinction of the singing here is in the excellent complement of male voices from Jaquino-Schreier to Fernando-Talvela, including Crass as an ideal Rocco (in sound) and Adam as a suitably malevolent Pizarro. King's strong sound is better related to the needs of Florestan than almost anything else he sings (always excepting the Emperor in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*), and Böhm gets the most out of it here.

So far as dramatic values are concerned, the recording pays passing tribute to the spoken text with a sentence or two here and there. There can be no serious complaint with this kind of condensation, but the effort as a whole generated little involvement for this listener. Very likely this derives from the kind of Leonore being performed by Jones, for without a strong surge of sympathy for her plight, what involvement can there be with *Fidelio*? Certainly not the kind that Furtwängler generated in his marred but compelling version (without spoken text) dating from 1953, or that which Toscanini imparted to his imperfect but unforgettable broadcast of the Forties. Aside from some oddities of vocal placement vis-à-vis the microphones, DGG's recording techniques are in prime order here.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Albéniz (orchestrated Frühbeck de Burgos): *Suite Española.* Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London stereo, CS-6581, $5.98.	Orchestrations of the individual sections of this beguiling suite are not unknown, as attendants at Spanish dance recitals will readily recall. But this is the first instance known to me of a nearly total conversion of "Granada," "Cadiz," "Aragon," "Asturias," et al., for orchestral purposes. (Frühbeck de Burgos has chosen to omit "Cuba" and end the series with "Córdoba," from *Cantos de España.*) As comparison with the versions	made by Enrique Fernandez Arbós of sections from *Iberia* is inescapable, it may be mentioned that Frühbeck de Burgos has worked in his spirit, and sometimes with almost equal imagination. Indeed, his arrangements are sometimes superior in style and flavor to the performances, which are inclined to the temperature of the land where they were made (England) rather than that where the music was born (Spain).
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F; *Egmont* Overture. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel stereo, S-36684, $5.98.	Giulini's prior identity as a Beethoven interpreter for the phonograph is decidedly a restricted one, but the results herein contained are not likely to create an overwhelming demand for more. The orchestra plays well for him and some of the sound is beautifully shaped, but the total effect is of a man searching for a new valuation of the works he is performing and not finding it. In the *Pastoral* it tends to a heaviness (especially in the treatment of the low strings) that	takes air and light out of the music; in the *Egmont*, conversely, to an underemphasis that takes drama out of this intensely dramatic work. Most damaging of all, whether or not one agrees with Giulini's redirection of impulse or his reassessment of tonal values, the outcome is rather plodding and lacking in vitality. Not, that is to say, the year's most successful addition to the Beethoven catalogue.
Kodály: *Háry János* (Suite). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra; with Toni Koves-Steiner, cimbalom. **Prokofiev:** *Lt. Kijé* (Suite). Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra; with David Zauder, cornet. Columbia stereo, MS-7408, $5.98.	The generalized virtues of the Cleveland Orchestra-Szell partnership are present in both performances, including excellent articulation of musical detail, tonal gloss, and sophistication of concept. But the specialized requirements of the two works for gaiety, even exaggeration, of manner to realize the humor they contain are only partially present. This is more the case in the Kodály, which, without the fantasy it embodies, is mu-	sically of modest interest. In the Prokofiev, the careful exposition of musical values is, in itself, an aural delight. Also, more of the humor derives from such careful exposition in the case of the imaginary lieutenant than with the supposed conqueror of Napoleon. Edward T. Graham and John Guerriere are the engineers responsible for the excellent recording.
Moscheles: Concerto in G minor (Op. 58). Michael Ponti, piano; with the Philharmonia Hungarica conducted by Othmar Maga. Etudes (Op. 70); Characteristic Etudes (Op. 95). Ponti, piano. Candide stereo, CE-31010, $3.98.	The backwash of the tidal wave caused by the appearance of the Scharwenka piano concerto (Earl Wild with the Boston Symphony Orchestra directed by Erich Leinsdorf) last year is likely to cast up more than a few relics similar to this one. (Lest it be supposed that "relic" refers invariably to something in a discreditable sense, it means merely, "memorial.") The spirit of the Concerto is high, and the workmanship good, but the ideas and impulses are all too recognizably those of others. (The allegiances,	in the Concerto, are to Beethoven, Hummel, and other lions of the early years of the nineteenth century.) In the later Etudes, the examples of Mendelssohn and Schumann make themselves known. Ponti, of American background but largely European career identity, produces a good measure of the swagger and dash appropriate to the Concerto, and the kind of flair desirable for the Etudes. Good reproduction in both instances.
Ravel: *Ma Mère l'Oye.* **Mussorgsky** (arranged Ravel): *Pictures at an Exhibition.* Orchestre de Paris conducted by Serge Baudo. Angel stereo, S-36683, $5.98.	It is in the pure Ravel content of this disc (rather than in that in which his flavor is joined to that of Mussorgsky) that its appeal is concentrated. The *Pictures* are sumptuously exhibited by Baudo, but with rather a surfeit of audio illumination. This is favored to the extent of transferring the last nine minutes of music from Side 1 to 2 in order to permit maximum engineering advantage for "The Great Gate at Kiev" at the outside of Side 2 rather than at the less	advantageous inside of Side 1. The "Mother Goose" Suite, however, is conveyed at musical maximum, thanks to the tripartite interaction of the excellent players (especially woodwinds and brass), to Baudo's more than capable utilization of their skills, and to the super-fine engineering. Its delicate colors and exquisitely refined shadings are worth more than all the excess decibels in the Mussorgsky.
Vaughan Williams: Symphonies Nos. 6 and 8. André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC-3114, $5.98.	There is an abundance of fine music on the two sides of this disc, and Previn renders substantial justice to it. The presumption would be that, together with the performances of the First and Seventh Symphonies already available, these are part of a plan to comprehend the whole sequence. If so, the prospects for a representative new *London* and *Pastoral* are good, for Previn has an acute sense of Vaughan Williams's musical discourse, his rhetoric as well as his syntax. The phrases and periods flow naturally from this awareness, with the coloristic detail sketched in firmly and	with good judgment. Of the two, the Sixth has the stronger appeal to me, for its completeness of conception and its excellence of realization. On the other hand, it is an amazing evidence of mental stamina and intellectual drive that a man verging on eighty could accomplish so characteristic a work as the Eighth. The London Symphony responds positively to Previn, and the recording is highly successful. (The team headed by Peter Dellheim is British, not to say London-Decca British.) —Irving Kolodin.

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Friends and Neighbors Alive, Alive-O

Delaney and Bonnie and Friends—"the crackling excitement of a live rock'n'roll show."

by ELLEN SANDER

Live albums are deceptively hard to record. Sound systems in concert halls and clubs are generally inferior and the ambience, the interplay between performers and audience, nearly impossible to capture without the visual and psychic stimulus present at a live rock concert. There are many groups that can rip it up in a live show and, minus an audience, seem pale on disc. On the other side of the coin there are those groups so reliant on the gadgetry of a recording studio that their live shows rarely approach their records.

Delaney and Bonnie can do it all. A little less than a year ago they released a studio album (Elektra) full of ballads, spirituals, rock, and soul. While it was far from a monster hit, the attention it received was so intensely favorable that it became a *cause célèbre* among the rock cognoscenti. Anywhere the duo and their band would play, there would be more stars in the audience than on the stage. At one point Eric Clapton, a bizarrely talented guitarist (refugee from, in chronological order, John Mayall's Blues Band, the Yardbirds, Cream, and the superhype disaster Blind Faith), began jamming with Delaney and Bonnie and Friends and wanted to join the group. There were contractual difficulties, since Clapton was signed to Atlantic, Delaney and Bonnie and Friends to Elektra, and Clapton's English managers would not allow a release for Clapton to record with the group, Elektra stepped out of the way and released Delaney and Bonnie and Friends to Atlantic, where, even though Clapton has split from the group, Delaney and Bonnie must remain.

They toured England with Eric Clapton and Friends, which also includes Dave Mason, formerly of the sorely missed Traffic. But an entourage of superstars included in the backup group of musicians ("Friends") is not the substance of the success of Delaney and Bonnie. They have an intrinsic vibrancy, an irresistible driving musical conception, unique and utterly refreshing. With the temporary addition of Clapton to the group they drew a large audience quickly. It wouldn't be risking much to say that it is theirs to keep.

One of the best live albums I've heard is *Delaney and Bonnie and Friends on Tour with Eric Clapton* (Atco, SD 33-326), recorded by Jimmy Miller and Glyn Johns, the producer-engineer team responsible for the incandescent quality of more recent Rolling Stones albums. They have captured brilliantly the crackling excitement of a live rock 'n' roll show. "Come on, everybody!" urges Delaney, opening the concert.

The music maintains a fast and frenzied pace throughout. The hoot and howl of the vocals, the shouting solos and piercing harmonies are an integral part, rather than a steering mechanism, of the show. The musicians throw in sparkling little licks, the rhythm section is particularly deft and pulsating. Delaney and Bonnie have everything—blues, soul, gospel, and rock—executed with the finesse only talent and good times together can bring out. I wouldn't be without either of their albums; the Elektra release for its variety and down-home soulfulness; the new Atco album for its living, laughing showmanship and Eric Clapton, too. *On Tour* is one live album that really makes it.

It must have been difficult deciding how to record John Sebastian's first "solo" album. Son of the classical harmonica virtuoso of the same name, the superlative singer, writer, guitarist was formerly the guiding genius of the Lovin' Spoonful. As a solo performer Sebastian is gently magnificent. His voice is supple, his songs ingenuously personal, and his presence magnetic in a very quiet, intense way. Alone, with his guitar and his wisecracks and maybe a friend who drops by to hear him and stays to play, Sebastian can pull tie-dyed colors out of a dark room and make music you'd never want to leave. He is also a musician's musician; Sebastian's fans are stars. This, his first solo album, was more than a year in the making.

The album, *John B. Sebastian* (Reprise 6379), contains eleven beautiful Sebastian songs accompanied by himself and friends, some prominent pop musicians with whom he often hangs out. They make an impressive collection of musical personalities, but tend to overshadow the special presence of John Sebastian alone. It may have been that the album is an attempt to project music made under the friendliest and most casual circumstances, but it doesn't live up to its promise. There are moments when the song itself will rise above the curious, often disorganized mixture of sounds behind it, but rarely does the peculiar brand of Sebastian magic come through.

John B. Sebastian is easygoing music with side orders of Dallas Taylor, Harvey Brooks, Paul Harris, David Crosby, Danny Weiss, Stephen Stills, Graham Nash, the Ikettes, Buzzy Linhart, and more; but nothing I can hear tells me why. Sebastian and friends are not as adept at combining talents (though those talents are individually spectacular) as Delaney and Bonnie and Friends, and what results is an album that, while hardly disappointing, leaves one with the feeling that letting well enough alone might have done the trick.

Neil Young, another ex-member of the disbanded Buffalo Springfield, joined Crosby, Stills and Nash just about the time when their first album was completed and has been with them ever since they started performing live. A brooding boy from the north country, Young has added a dark side to

(*Continued on page* 79)

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). John Ogdon, piano. RCA stereo, LSC-3123, $5.98.	The fully engaged Ogdon (as distinguished from the one half-engaged in the Elgar project below) makes what, in sporting circles, might be termed a good "run" at his objective. In the end, he is turned aside by its mere bulk, his inability to move it in the direction of an individual achievement. Ogdon is at his best in the first and last movements, in which his perception of structure and design plus his uncompromising musicality make for a productive outcome. He comes least close to matching the needs of the music in the adagio, whose breadth, spaciousness, and brooding eloquence can only be engaged on their own terms. Ogdon undertakes to provide momentum to the music by the choice of a faster than customary tempo. However, a great arch of expression such as this cannot be hastened on its way arbitrarily. In sum, what Ogdon has to offer in terms of this work at the present time might be of passing interest in a recital, but is far from ready for a recorded reproduction.
Brahms: Serenade in A (Op. 16). **Dvořák:** Serenade in D minor (Op. 44). István Kertész conducting the London Symphony. London stereo, CS 6594, $5.98.	István Kertész's Dvořákaphilia has produced numerous uncommon consequences previously (especially in the addenda to his recording of the nine symphonies), but this is surely the best of them. By no means the first phonograph offering of this Serenade (the current Schwann shows four), it is not only more effectively organized but also superior to its predecessors in quality of sound. To a degree this relates to the excellence of the wind players (plus cello and string bass), but more emphatically to Kertész's ideas of a suitable blend. It is all euphony and lightness, never forced or overblown. In other words, an aural treat. The performance of the Brahms Serenade is of the same order, but the material is more staid, less engaging. The reproduction in both instances is enhanced by the soundless background (a Dolby plus, no doubt).
Elgar: *Concert Allegro;* Sonatina; *Adieu;* Serenade. John Ogdon, piano. Quintet in A minor. John Ogdon, piano; with the Allegri Quartet. Angel stereo, S-36686, $5.98.	Ogdon's investigation of the byways of the piano literature has produced a good deal that is rewarding, especially in works by Busoni, Rachmaninoff, and Nielsen, whose existence, previously, was all but unknown. Here, however, the effort is more applaudable than the outcome. The order of workmanship throughout is high, and there is ample evidence of the compositional craft that Elgar had acquired by the time of the Quintet's completion in 1918. The quest for that date also revealed that the Quintet was dedicated to Ernest Newman—a bit of information that may be passed on without comment. The shorter pieces are of the salon school and of a lower grade, also.
Morley: "Absence"; "It Was a Lover and His Lass"; "Who Is It?" **Dowland:** "I Saw My Lady Weeping"; "Dear, if You Change"; "Stay Time"; "Weep No More"; "Shall I, Sue?"; "Sweet, Stay Awhile"; "Can She Excuse?" "Come, Heavy Sleep." **Rosseter:** "If She Forsake Me"; "When Laura Smiles." **Ford:** "Come, Phyllis" and "Fair, Sweet, Cruel." Peter Pears, tenor; and Julian Bream, guitar. RCA stereo, LSC 3131, $5.98.	For cultivated music lovers, a combination of Pears, Bream, and the music of Shakespearean England conjures up visions of delight akin to those involving sugarplums that Clement Moore imagined for the children in "The Night Before Christmas." They are, in the main, fulfilled, though Pears begins his version of Morley's "Absence" with a stentorian kind of vocal quality that does not promise too well for the fifteen songs to follow. However, his output is better modulated thereafter, and, aside from a throb that occasionally verges on off-pitch production, admirably suited to the material. In the aggregate, it is his artistry in the evocation of the essence of this long neglected repertory, and Bream's modestly controlled output, that will exert fascination.
Purcell: Chacony in G minor. **Elgar** "Introduction and Allegro." **Delius:** Two "Aquarelles." **Bridge:** *Sir Roger de Coverley.* **Britten:** *Simple Symphony.* Benjamin Britten conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. London stereo, CS-6618, $5.98.	It would be an easy assumption, in view of its lack of complications, that a string ensemble poses simpler problems to a conductor than a larger one. However, as herein demonstrated, it has requirements, in balance and contrast, that may demand even higher skills. Such are the considerations in the Elgar "Introduction and Allegro," in which the weight of tone developed by the ensemble tends to overpower the playing of the solo string quartet. Britten makes a delightful thing of his own *Simple Symphony* and earns thanks for the imagination and color he brings to the Delius "Aquarelles" (arranged by Eric Fenby from unaccompanied part-songs).
Zacher: *Ré* (1969). **Englert:** *Vagans animula* (1969). **Feldman:** *Intersection 3* (1953). **Cage:** *Variations III* (1963). Gerd Zacher, organ. DGG stereo, 139 442, $5.98.	Little did Albert Schweitzer, Marcel Dupré, and other organists who fought against the wheezes and groans that beset their recordings of the Thirties realize that they were pioneering a new mode of expression. Here, in full flower, are all the unwanted encumbrances of disciplining a full-scale organ, elevated to the dignity of an art form (or, at least, presented in the guise of one). Englert is resonance unedited, Feldman resonance at peripheries of high and low, and Zacher resonance composed into a duet with an "Intonateur." Every so often he flourishes a false start with (for example) the opening measures of the D-minor Toccata and Fugue of Bach, but nothing happens to it. Typically, Cage comes along with a more complex kind of impertinence, but the end outcome is only a minuscule more detaining to the attention. As a matter of fact, since Cage permits improvisation, I played the last third of the piece at 45 rpm. It not only sounds better that way, but goes by faster. Taken altogether, however, Zacher's "bag" (if the German-based performer-composer knows the term) is an empty one. —I.K.

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Dolby and Four Channel:

Two Interim Reports

Two glimpses of high fidelity's immediate future were given to the press recently. The first was a demonstration of a new Dolby noise reduction unit for home use; the second was the showing of a new four-channel recording system that is fully compatible with today's two-channel recorders, phonographs, and stereo FM tuners.

What the Dolby system does is reduce noise in recordings. As a $2,000 "A-Type" studio unit, it reduces noise across the audio spectrum—and has done so for at least 150 record companies so far (one publication in the hi-fi field estimates that 75 per cent of new classical releases have been processed with the Dolby system). In its less expensive, "B-Type" home form, it reduces only noise above 2,000 Hz.—but such high-frequency noise (tape hiss) is one of home recording's biggest problems, especially at slow tape speeds.

The Advent Noise Reduction Center is a "B-Type" device that goes between your stereo system and your stereo recorder (reel-to-reel, cassette, or cartridge). In addition to reducing hiss, it gives your system three new features which you quite possibly do not already have: a multiplex filter, separate microphone and line recording level controls and inputs for each of the two stereo channels, and a master record-level control that raises or lowers both stereo channels simultaneously (the last a feature which your recorder almost definitely doesn't have).

The Dolby system can be used with any recording speed, but its advantages are most apparent at the lowest speeds (e.g., 1-7/8 or 15/16 inches per second), where the noise problem is toughest. The advantage becomes even more pronounced with cassettes, which not only operate at 1-7/8 ips but also have tracks approximately half as wide (and, therefore, twice as noisy) as those on conventional ¼-track tapes.

In the Advent demonstration, a cassette dubbed through the B-type Dolby from the master tape of Vanguard's *L'histoire du soldat* (the first U.S. commercial recording made with Dolby A-type techniques) was compared with Vanguard's disc release from the same master tape. A normal cassette would sound muffled by comparison, due both to hiss and to limited high frequency response. The Advent cassette sounded as good as the disc, and at times it seemed to me a trifle better.

Not that the Dolby system can take all the credit for this cassette's quality. Much of the quality, especially in its extended frequency response, was due to the tape used. Instead of the iron oxide coatings used in regular tapes, this tape was coated with Crolyn, a chromium dioxide formulation from Du Pont.

The intent of it all was not to show what can be done at home right now, since Crolyn is not currently available for home audio use, no home recorders are adjusted to get optimum results from it, and not all home recorders can even be so adjusted. Instead, Advent intended to show what the state of the cassette art could be, using all the technology now available. In fact, Advent made quite a point of admitting that the level of performance demonstrated depends on the use of *all* that technology, not just the Dolby.

Nor does Dolby help with another problem of low speeds (and of cassette recorders in particular): wow and flutter. The manufacturer who seems to have strived hardest to eliminate it from cassettes is 3M, and Advent therefore used a 3M-Wollensak cassette recorder in their demonstration (they used the new Tandberg recorder, for similar reasons, in their reel-to-reel demonstration). I have been using a Wollensak cassette deck, too, and I can testify that wow and flutter are occasionally audible on some cassettes, despite 3M's best efforts (though this could be the cassette's fault, not the player's).

Meanwhile, the Dolby system for the home is definitely here. In fact, it's been here for about a year, since KLH brought out their Model Forty-One tape deck (a full report on it will appear here within the next few months). But by the time you read this, the Advent Noise Reduction Center should be on the market, too, to be followed within a few months by Dolby-ized cassette decks from Advent and others. The KLH, the Advent Center, and the cassette decks will be mutually compatible, and all three will sell for about $250 each.

On the four-channel front, last month saw demonstrations of the Scheiber system of four-channel recording. With the Scheiber system, one can record four channels of stereo material onto a two-channel tape or disc, or transmit and receive four channels using standard, two-channel stereo FM equipment. The result will sound exactly like a regular two-channel program or recording unless you run it through a Scheiber-system decoder, whereupon you get your full four channels once again.

So far, I've heard two demonstrations of the Scheiber system. At the official press demonstration, I heard four definite and distinct stereo channels coming from a regular-looking disc (played with a standard stereo cartridge), a stereo-FM tuner, and a regular two-channel cassette deck. But, most likely due to the room's abominable acoustics, the sound itself was rather poor. A few days later, though, when I accidentally heard a test broadcast of the system, it sounded as good (over my two-channel home stereo system) as any normal stereo broadcast.

As yet, I don't know how the Scheiber system works (some sort of multiplex, I assume), nor do I really know how well it works. What's more, other systems will probably arise to do the same things that the Scheiber system does, but do them differently. No one can predict at this point whether or not the Scheiber system will be popularly adopted. But if four-channel stereo itself is ever to become popular, some system of this sort will be a necessity. Without it, four-channel stereo involves replacement or drastic alteration of one's tape deck, tuner, tone arm and phono cartridge, and a doubling of the amplifiers and speakers in one's stereo system. With it, one can have four channels simply by doubling the amplifiers and speakers, and by adding the decoder. —IVAN BERGER.

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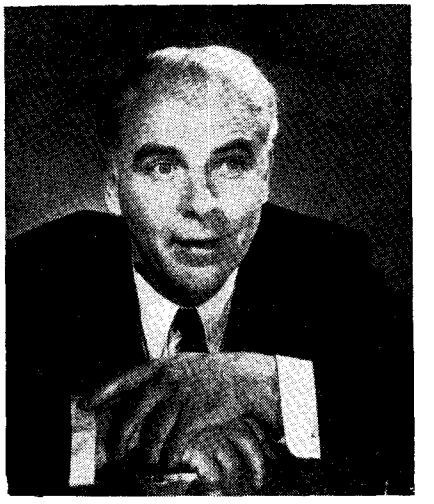
Williams as Thomas



Emlyn Williams — "communicates Thomas's eagerness and persuasion of narrative."

Born 1914 in Carmarthenshire, Wales; died 1953 in New York. Began as a newspaper reporter, first appeared in print as a poet in his teens. Works include various collections of poetry, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, "Adventures in the Skin Trade," and other stories. These are but the bare bones of the 39 years in the life of one Dylan Thomas—but how much flesh and blood the poet himself adds to this frame of his own life, especially if he is the lyrical, evocative Thomas, a true reveler in the English language. His words sing exuberantly with magical images, rich passions, vivid colors, and irresistible humor. One critic noted that the key to his personality was "innocence after experience"—underneath the surface bravado and extravagance there were "the clear still waters of a childlike innocence."

It is this very quality which is superbly captured by Emlyn Williams's "theatrical entertainment" *A Boy Growing Up*, now available on two Argo records (RG 546 and 547, $5.95 each). Assuming the role of his spirited fellow Welshman, Williams introduces Thomas as a "storyteller, poet, buffoon." His birthplace, Swansea, he describes as an "ugly, lovely town . . . and the museum, it belonged *in* a museum!" From there the listener explores the agonies and delights of growing up, as seen through the eyes of Thomas between the ages of five and seventeen—but always with his unique (in the words of Williams) "limpid-clear imagination of a brilliant child, the devastating humour of the completely honest man—no, child again, for even when . . . the boy is grown up, you feel that essentially he is as much of a child as ever, and always will be."

In the actor's adaptation of the stories and sketches (not the poetry, however, which Thomas himself read so eloquently on discs), those secret and special moments of childhood are lyrically and often movingly revealed. In "Who Do You Wish Was with Us?" it is a day with his friend Ray, climbing on the rocks and looking out to sea. In "The Fight" he is a meek and mild Dylan, encountering the strange fellow Dan who fancies himself a pianist-composer-violinist-writer of historical novels. When Dylan reads him his poems, he reflects, "Nobody had ever listened like that before." Both boys prove amusing, yet touching, poseurs.

"The Outing" recalls his big, burly, red-haired uncle ("who filled the house") and his small, quiet aunt on the day Dylan went on a pub outing with his uncle and friends. In "The Reminiscence of a Schoolmaster," he notes that "war starts inside us" on the school playground with urchins who grow into sergeants and bank presidents. Alone on an empty street corner, the young boy is jumped by two men; he remembers they were involved in a paternity suit with two sisters, reprimanded by the judge, and told they were "just like little dogs"—the title of the final story on the first disc.

The second record finds Dylan at the age of seventeen, older, restless, longing to leave Swansea for the world of London—"a bombastic adolescent, provincial, bohemian." Truculent, against everything and everyone in the confined world he knew and had experienced, he is now a penniless journalist and a pretentious young man dreaming of having a poem printed in "one of *those* magazines." By the end of Williams's splendid "entertainment," Dylan gets to London in the more fantastic Joycean story, "Adventures in the Skin Trade," or, as he calls it, "Dylan in Wonderland."

The final side is filled out with three stories: "A Child's Christmas," in which we "plunge into that snowball of memory" (certainly among the greatest of all evocations of Christmases past); "A Visit to America," during which the more mature Dylan comes to lecture in the U.S., jabbing at the rigors of traveling and the ostentatious committee matrons; and "A Visit to Grandpa's," a haunting memory of a man heard taking nightly journeys on horseback in his bed, who was finally found on a bridge going to be buried in his best waistcoat and old hat—he "stood like a prophet who has no doubt."

These four sides are fertile in the mysteries of lost childhood, gentle reminiscences, and insights into the ways of man. Emlyn Williams, being the consummate actor he is, commands the full range of voice to portray not only the growing Dylan Thomas but also the bag of characters he encounters at home and abroad. With a dramatization full of colorful accents, he communicates Thomas's eagerness and persuasion of narrative, which is so full of life and compassion.

—Robert Jacobson.

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A Burst of Berlioz

Continued from page 66

bones. A hearing of the Berlioz orchestra is essential in forming just impressions. And this need has been filled. The London Symphony plays well; Alexander Gibson conducts splendidly.

I admired this maestro again in *La Mort de Cléopâtre* on the reverse side. His beat is strong, forthright, sensitive. And what a unique work, this early cantata! Responding to its drama, Janet Baker summons thrust. The voice is basically lyric, but she can metalize. To another stereo version of this same work (for L'Oiseau-Lyre), Anne Pashley—with Colin Davis conducting—brings a more gleaming, imperious quality. Jennie Tourel, in the recording of *Cléopâtre* conducted by Bernstein, moves carefully toward a few topmost tones but is the best performer of all, certainly the most authoritative in style.

While both British conductors—Davis and Gibson—lean toward an ample, flowing Berlioz, Georges Prêtre in a new stereo release of *La Damnation de Faust* (Angel, stereo, SCL-3758, $17.98) favors the hot-rod tempi for this composer that most French conductors seem to have adopted since Munch. (With Pierre Monteux, who came before, it was otherwise.) And thus in a *Damnation* that might have triumphed by reason of an excellent cast and superb group of players (L'Orchestre de Paris), one is confronted by endless effects, multiple glitter, no central line to unify a work that can too easily become dispersed. Prêtre is technically adept, even dazzling, but seldom poetic.

Again we have Janet Baker in Berlioz, this time as Marguerite—a part congenial to her from the first timid recitative preceding her "Roi de Thulé" to the final impassioned measures of "D'amour l'ardente flamme." The tone is neither dark nor lush, attributes usually linked with this music, but Miss Baker brings something of her own, a compensatory power of characterization, dramatic rightness. Gabriel Bacquier, in good vocal form, offers a prime Méphisto. Of Nicolai Gedda I had expected something finer. Only in the love duet with Marguerite, the "Invocation to Nature" (masterfully sung), and the "Ride to the Abyss" does he come into his own.

The choruses are good; the orchestra, as noted, excellent; the sound, in the offstage Easter music, flirts with comedy — choral crescendi shooting from the wings and receding into the distance with no apparent reason except for kicks. Yes, they are indicated in the score—but relatively.

—Robert Lawrence.

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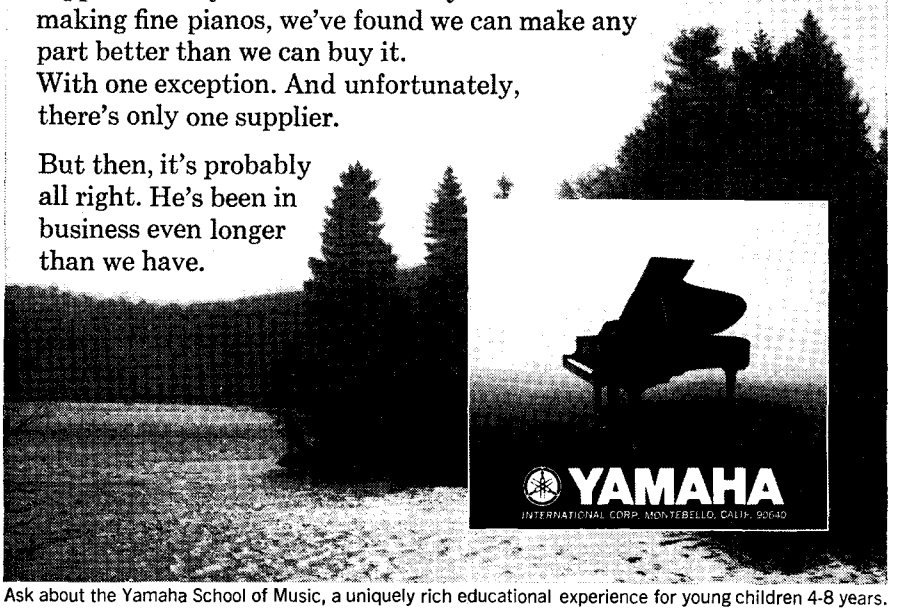

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

The New "Troyens," in Print and in Sound

LONDON.

WHETHER 1970 will bring us anything that might conceivably enlarge our understanding of Beethoven still remains to be seen, but in Berlioz's case the fog of ignorance and sheer misrepresentation surrounding his greatest masterpiece, the opera *Les Troyens*, is about to lift. I venture to predict that musicians and music lovers the world over will be dazzled by the revelation. The twin agents that should make this possible are now in my possession: the full score (never before published), handsomely produced in two volumes by Bärenreiter as part of the New Berlioz Edition, and the complete Philips recording, conducted by Colin Davis.

Let no one suppose that the passion which this noble, intensely beautiful, and, above all, incredibly exciting opera engenders in those of us who know it well is no more than some passing whim or fancy. I admit that, in my case, Kubelik's 1957 production at Covent Garden resulted in love at first sight to a degree as to make me doubt its capacity to endure. But endure it did, and grew deeper as the score became more and more familiar, and, after thirteen years, I know that it is for keeps. Colin Davis, I understand, was nagged by similar doubts at one time—and this is surely inevitable in the case of a work that, after more than a century, still has not received universal approbation. However, when he began to work in earnest on the new production last summer, he found it similar to working on *Don Giovanni*—the kind of absolute masterpiece to which one returns fresh and full of wonder however well one knows it.

Great credit must go to producer Erik Smith, his musical adviser, David Cairns, and the Philips engineers who had never before tackled a work of comparable size or complexity. The sound is generally magnificent, with admirable balance between voices and orchestra, while stage movement and spatial effects are handled with unobtrusive skill. Sonic gimmicks, which might have been employed to bring to our notice purely visual aspects of the action, are mercifully absent save—quite rightly—in the case of the ghosts. Thus, in the "Tent Scene" of Act II, Hector's Ghost (who imparts to Aeneas his destiny in a superb passage made up of nothing more than a descending chromatic scale) is given just the right degree of additional ambience, while the four apparitions in the "Harbor Scene" of Act V whisper their exhortations into Aeneas's and our ears at close range—a brilliantly original and dramatically valid stroke!

Musically the performance is never less than intensely alive. Once you have heard it, you will realize how pitifully inadequate all previous attempts to record parts of this score have been (except for Beecham's account of "The Royal Hunt and Storm"). If anything can now stand between this masterpiece and its rightful place on the stages of the world's leading opera houses, it must be the shortage of conductors who really understand Berlioz's idiom. Far be it from me to suggest that Colin Davis alone knows the secret, for Beecham and Sir Hamilton Harty were both great Berlioz conductors; Rafael Kubelik showed his strong affinity with this music when he led Covent Garden's first production of "The Trojans" in 1957; and last summer's Scottish Opera production revealed Alexander Gibson as a fit challenger to Davis's pre-eminence in this field.

The cast assembled by Philips was essentially that of last autumn's Covent Garden production, though the young Swedish dramatic soprano Berit Lindholm replaced Anja Silja as Cassandra, while Roger Soyer came over from France to double as Hector's Ghost and as Narbal. In the latter case, it would be an understatement to describe the change as beneficial, for his Narbal made me realize for the first time just how splendid a role this is. Yet in one sense Soyer's presence in the cast might be regarded as a double-edged asset, for, as the only principal singing in his native tongue, he is apt to underline the fact that the level of French enunciation by his colleagues represents, *sans doute*, the weakest aspect of the entire undertaking. . . .

The Swedish soprano, whose timbre and vocal attack often suggest a young Varnay, contributes much powerful singing, but Cassandra's tragic passion eludes her for the most part. The leading roles of Dido and Aeneas are sung here, as in the theater, by Josephine Veasey and Jon Vickers, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to imagine a finer pair of protagonists. As for Jon Vickers, who first sang Aeneas under Kubelik in 1957, what else can I say but that he gives the performance of his life? Say what you like about certain ungainly aspects of his vocal method, but where today is there another tenor who can match Vickers's heroic power and who can, moreover, combine it with the ability to shape a musical line with real sensitivity?

The rest of the large cast is, apart, perhaps, from Heather Begg's intelligent but vocally undistinguished Anna, thoroughly satisfactory. Withal, the totality is much greater than the sum of its parts, and the results, from a musical as well as from a technical point of view, are really beyond anything one might reasonably have hoped for.

Andre Previn's Accompanist

BALDWIN

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Subsidy in Rochester

WHILE READING the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* of March 27, I saw the following: " 'We are out to raise money in every conceivable way,' [said] Joseph Pritchard, spokesman for the San Jose, California, Symphony, announcing that all or any part of the needy eighty-five-piece orchestra is for hire for any event."

Here in Rochester, as in San Jose and so many other cities with symphony orchestras, the poor financial situation is not very different. Our recent fund raising for the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra was quite short of its $500,000 goal. Attendance at concerts and musical events is not capacity to say the least. This is especially disheartening because we like to think of the Rochester Philharmonic as a major orchestra and one of America's finest. However, the future of our orchestra is in jeopardy.

Some of us, not alone in our thinking, are convinced that the only way to rescue the failing symphony orchestra is to make it more attractive to our young people; those same young people who abhor the classics but go crazy over rock, folk, and jazz. We know that, from previous experiments, just to have the symphonic orchestra play rock, folk, and jazz music doesn't make it with the kids. They can't identify.

In an attempt to attract young people to the Eastman Theatre to hear the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra perform, a rather crucial concert has been scheduled. Chuck Mangione, who is preparing and will conduct the orchestra, has been quite successful in the past in making the symphony orchestra "swing and rock" yet maintain its dignity. For the forthcoming concert, he plans to synthesize jazz, folk, and symphonic music. To accomplish this, Mr. Mangione has composed all new music. The currently popular and nationally known folk singers Bat McGrath and Don Potter and the Rochester Philharmonic will perform some of this new music together.

We are counting heavily on Mangione's concert. If it is successful, we will know that the prejudices in music are disappearing. The segregation between symphonic and popular music must be eliminated for young people to accept "classical" music. As long as the music quality is high, we feel that young people will take to it. Advance ticket sales for the Mangione concert are very encouraging.

I thought that you might be interested in this attempt to help save the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra (and music in Rochester).

WILLIAM V. TEDESCHI,
Pittsford, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The program to be presented in May under the direction of Mangione (an Associate in Ensembles at the Eastman School) proposes "an entire concert of original music." However, such terms as "prejudices" and "segregation" hardly suit the circumstances. Neither Mangione nor anyone else can rewrite the symphonic literature from Mozart to Mahler, and that is where the real issue is concentrated.*

A Tchaikovsky "Must"

SUSAN JACOBY in "The Lingering Passion" [*SR*, Mar. 14] has written an excellent article for Tchaikovsky buffs. I hope she did not miss one priceless musical stop in Moscow. It is the Museum of Musical Culture on Georgiu Street, back of the Bolshoi Theater. Not only are there exhibits of Russian composers and performers from Glinka to Tchaikovsky (Michael, that is), but it also houses a fantastic tape library.

IRVING A. GERBER,
New York, N.Y.

Corn de Peru

RE: "The Singers and the Songs" [*SR*, Feb. 28] by Ellen Sander. The melody "El Condor Pasa" used by Simon and Garfunkel in their latest album is described as an eighteenth-century Peruvian folk melody. I believe that it is, in fact, an original composition by the Peruvian nationalist composer Daniel Alomía Robles, and is regarded as a bit of first-rate Peruvian corn by Peruvians.

ALITA DE LOMELLINI,
Tucson, Ariz.

For Baez by Sander

WHILE OTHER periodicals tend to skip lightly over albums in their record reviews, *SR* is to be heralded especially after Ellen Sander's detailed review of Joan Baez's new album *One Day at a Time* [*SR*, Mar. 28]. Miss Sander's words about this pretty lady and her *One Day at a Time* LP are very much appreciated for their truth.

JIM DONOGHUE,
Lakewood, Calif.

The Munch-Berlioz "Requiem"

NOWHERE IN his review of the Utah Symphony performance of the Berlioz *Requiem* [*SR*, Mar. 28] did Robert Lawrence mention a new version conducted by Charles Munch (DGG 139264/5).

Would Mr. Lawrence, perhaps, like to add a few comments comparing the two performances?

RODERICK AUYANG,
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The omission of the Munch version of the "Requiem" (1968 release) was inadvertent. An amend will be made as soon as possible.*

Sayão, Susanna, and the Countess

IT WAS implied [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Mar. 28] that the aria "Deh vieni, non tardar" is sung by the Countess in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*. As I am sure

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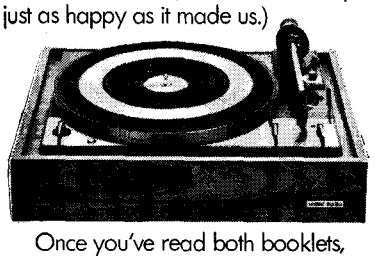

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SR has been told by now, this breathtaking beauty of an aria is Susanna's. As for Mme. Sayão, about whose recording the article was written, she may call herself anything she likes, as long as she sings and sings and sings, via recordings, of course.

MEMRIE INNERARITY,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The primary reference was to "Porgi amor," but the comment was, of course, overinclusive.*

The Music Dilemma

THANKS for "The Business of Culture" issue [*SR*, Feb. 28]. Its only fault was its brevity. Nevertheless, it raised in my mind several questions that I have not had the opportunity to research, but might be useful to consider.

The current cultural crisis must be related to the entire socio-economic structure of the United States today. For all our increase of unemployment and leisure time, our orchestras are suffering from a shortage of competent personnel, from "disappearing strings," and from nonexistent brass. One cause of this situation is undoubtedly the financial insecurity of musicians. My experience suggests to me that another important factor is an educational system which, on the whole, has failed to equip the student with the most basic musical skills. When he reaches an age when serious music matters to him, the relative risk in starting from scratch discourages him from even thinking of a musical career. Yet, it can hardly be said that today's youth is indifferent to music. Whatever Ellen Sander's reviews may suggest, the impact of rock is as much a musical as sociological phenomenon.

I think the fundamental difficulty lies in the American musical establishment's structure. The symphony orchestra is the prototype of American musical culture. Yet, seriously speaking, it is difficult to imagine "ninety principal American symphony orchestras." As far as 1,400 orchestras are concerned, who is kidding whom? Do they represent serious music making, or an inbred compulsion to have culture? Given the complexity of union regulations and the need for a decent living wage for the musician and the nation's need for music on the other hand, our orchestras have become a moral problem in the best sense of the word, but one that cannot be solved within the categories of labor and management, donations, and subsidy as understood within the existing scheme of things.

Yet is there an alternative? Chamber groups have only a limited expressive possibility. I would propose that the musicians themselves determine which form of music making is most useful to themselves *as musicians*. Perhaps they would follow the example of the dance bands.

FRANK N. MAGINOT,
Rome, Italy.

Sutherland and Horne

HAS THE DUET of *Norma* sung by Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne been recorded and by whom? If not, are there immediate plans for such a record?

(Miss) SIDNEY BALDWIN,
Boothbay Harbor, Me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The complete "Norma" with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, originally released by RCA in 1965, has just been reissued by London (to whom the rights reverted, according to the original contract).*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 62: respect, scepter, specter.

Bonynge's "Don Giovanni"

Continued from page 67

for shaping phrases and for propelling the music forward.

I admit that I was prepared to find Marilyn Horne miscast as Zerlina, being unable, in my mind, to reconcile her voice with Zerlina's music. She seems to have had no such trouble. Her tone and delivery are kept featherlight, and her performance is so musical, so stylish, and so well characterized (though not along conventional lines) that she won me over completely. In his other roles Gabriel Bacquier has such skills as an actor and singer that it is surprising to find his Don Giovanni not a more dominant force in this performance. He sings the notes nimbly and with authority, but his characterization is fuzzy and inconsistent, as if he had not quite made up his mind how to play the part. As it stands here, his Don Giovanni lacks charm.

Donald Gramm's Leporello is handsomely sung and mercifully free of the fussy and grotesque detail that some interpreters of the role have brought to it. His voice is darker than Bacquier's and pairs nicely with it. The young Austrian tenor Werner Krenn is up to the demands of Don Ottavio's two difficult arias—and "Dalla sua pace" is the most busily ornamented item in the Bonynge version. Leonardo Monreale offers a skillful portrait of Masetto. It is not the fault of Clifford Grant, the Commendatore, that the appearances of the statue are so lacking in effect. It is the responsibility of the orchestra, and not the singer, to create the chilling atmosphere of the cemetery and the climactic banqueting hall scenes, and it is in moments such as these that Bonynge fails to realize the music's potential power.

Those responsible for planning the elaborate brochure (including libretto) that accompanies this set have been remiss in not including a single word about the difficulties of establishing performance practices of the past or about Bonynge's solutions. The buyer has the right to expect an explanation of the reasons why this *Don Giovanni* sounds so different from those with which he is familiar.

Despite performance weaknesses, this is an important recording. Bonynge is successful in presenting a strong case for the revaluation of current traditions in the performance of Mozart's operas. His concept, as heard here, deserves serious attention and study, for this may well represent a foretaste of late-twentieth-century tradition.

—GEORGE LOUIS MAYER.

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Friends and Neighbors

Continued from page 71

the group's sound, which partially accounts for the dramatic transition of their music from the first to the second album, *Déjà Vu* (Atlantic, SD 7200). Another factor in the shifting balance of the group is that most of its members have moved from Los Angeles to the San Francisco area.

Déjà Vu, inside one of the most expensive, ugly covers ever assembled, varies a great deal in texture as compared with the first album, and there is an undercurrent of conflict which runs sporadically through the songs, breaking them apart, hurling them against one another, giving the album a sense of being jarred, startled, and, in parts, unsettled.

It opens with another amazingly crafted Stephen Stills suite, "Carry On," with its shifting movements and fascinating instrumentation. My favorite, Graham Nash's "Teach Your Children," is a lovely melody enfolding a song for a child for all seasons. Jerry Garcia, of the Grateful Dead, plays a facile pedal steel accompaniment, making it one of the high points of the album. "Almost Cut My Hair" might not sound so blustery and cluttered had it not been placed directly after the fragile loveliness of "Teach Your Children."

Neil Young's songs are alone and disturbing, fascinatingly introverted, and more imposing than the music Crosby, Stills and Nash made without him. They are in the process of acquiring a heavier sound, and that transition accounts for some of the rough spots on the album.

Live, they have worked out their individualities by doing the first half of the show acoustically, the second half electrically with Dallas Taylor on drums and Greg Reeves on electric bass.

Déjà Vu includes Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock Song," the title song from the Warner Brothers movie of the legendary festival. Sung by Stephen Stills, it is more about the group than the festival. It was their second performance in public, and Stills had some graphic but unprintable remarks about their condition included in the film. Graham Nash's "Our House" is a timeless song of home and hearth, Stephen Stills solos on "4+20," a frighteningly quiet, tortured lament. "Country Girl" is a three-part medley through the life and times of Neil Young. The album closes with "Everybody, I Love You," a searing rock and roll explosion, the harmonies gushing, the band working hard, the song swirling and crashing to an end in itself.

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(Continued from page 79)

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PLANNER. Socially concerned, creative, young, articulate urbanologist (B.U.P.-honors) seeks dynamic challenge. Box V-444.

WOMAN EDUCATOR, 55, seeks creative employment, service to others, could travel. Box V-452.

DISILLUSIONED GRADUATE STUDENT, 23, M.S. Psychology, seeks interesting position anywhere. Box V-390.

FRENCH-SPEAKING, fun-loving gal, 23, B.A., Oberlin, seeks adventuresome, creative job here or abroad. Box V-455.

TWO YALE SENIORS working for summer on Wall Street, desire to house-sit, NYC. Excellent references. Please contact. Steven King, 1622 Yale Station, New Haven.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT—If the position you offer is a combination of sociability plus mindless routine, please pass this ad by. If, however, you require an exceptionally able, creative woman with judgment, organization and skills, in metropolitan area, please write Box V-377.

JAPANESE COLLEGE JUNIOR, personable, well-rounded seeks interesting summer job. Box V-439.

MATE, experienced, vacation schooners. Available late May. References. Box V-401.

HELP! Creative, sensitive, energetic kindergarten/art teacher; radio/TV experience, wants out of classroom! Box V-432.

YOUNG, EXPERIENCED, personnel man eager for new challenges in small industry or humanitarian-oriented endeavors. Box V-383.

EDUCATED LADY seeks summer tutoring children, traveling Europe. Box V-436.

YALE COED, violinist, drives, speaks French, seeks summer employment with American family in Europe. Box V-415.

YOUNG WOMAN, doctoral candidate Clinical Psychology seeks summer position NYC. Box V-443.

LATIN AMERICANIST, M.A. Stanford 1963, fluent Spanish, good Portuguese, now federal employee, seeks association with less mediocre organization. Box V-456.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—Housemother-Housekeeper who loves children and would make a gracious home for them in a small residential school in upstate New York. Box T-991.

SOCIAL-ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. Nationwide directories of positions in all relevant fields. Accurate. Current. Inexpensive. Information write: Sociocom, Box 317, Harvard Square P.O., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

MONTESSORI TEACHERS, primary, preprimary, wanted: established school Boston area. Box T-912.

EXCITING POSITIONS for psychiatric nurses with qualifications as well as credentials. Human Resource Applications is building psychiatric facilities in a number of national locations. Active, contemporary treatment programs include milieu therapy, group process, "open wards," individual and group psychotherapy. Call Boston, Massachusetts, 617-227-6539 and ask for Miss Ciresi for further information.

FREE-LANCE EDITORS. West Coast residents preferred. Social studies, humanities, and science multimedia programs. Grade range 3-12. Include references or samples with letter. Box T-916.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 81)

MANPOWER INC. NEEDS experienced stenos, typists immediately to work temporarily. Assignments available in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. See telephone directory for address in your city.

WORK IN ENGLAND, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand this summer. Get to know one of these countries from the inside. CIEE will provide employment information and working papers if you qualify for the International Student Employment service. Write: Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. W-5, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Call or send your resume or 25¢ for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

PAUL BUNYAN NEEDED farm-tree plantation summer. Mrs. Bunyan or Cinderella may help Grandmother who lives in shoe New York state. Alternative Bunyans all year. Write/telegraph Box T-970.

MONTESSORI TEACHER—for September, 1970, established school, campus-style environment, fully equipped, Springfield, Massachusetts. Send qualifications. SR Box T-347.

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp. Crafts, swimming (WSI), General (younger boys), Archery, Canoeing, Nature, Tripping, Head Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Group Leader. Beautiful surroundings. Interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025, 212-UN 5-0925.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108, Cortez, Florida 33522.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work Summer or Fall. Applicants pay own fare. Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 (send stamped self-addressed envelope).

JOBS! JOBS! and more JOBS! Overseas, U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs (Students!). Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. For Information, write: JOBS, Box 475, SR-6, Lodi, California 95240.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DD, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

40,000 SUMMER JOBS—Resort Employment Directory furnishes descriptions, addresses, contacts, salaries. $2.00 postpaid ($2.25 First Class). Corion Publishers, P.O. Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

NYC BASED LECTURE SERVICE needs Program Director. Complete responsibility. Commission only. Extremely high earning potential. Call 212-CH 4-1511, Mr. Lesser.

COORDINATOR-READING, Greenwich Connecticut Public Schools. Works with staff to design, develop, implement, and evaluate reading program in sixteen schools. Must meet Connecticut State certification requirements. Resumes to Director of Professional Personnel, Box 292, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT educational research Institute NYC. Top skills. Creative, interesting work. Good salary plus tuition. Resume. Box V-458.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ARCHITECTURALLY EXCITING, oceanfront, year-around home on New Jersey island. 6 bedrooms, air conditioning. $130,000. Tel. 609-494-1798.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

ARCHITECT-DESIGNED VACATION HOME, Warren, Vermont, 1½ baths, 3¼ acres, pond. Sleeps 10+. 1932 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut 06520.

VIEW. Great 5 bedroom. $100,000. Berkeley, California. University Realty. 415-849-1580.

DREAM HOUSE in Smoky Mountains foothills. Modern, wooded, secluded; walking distance to college library. Climate, environment ideal for retirement. $29,000. Box V-411.

For Sale—Furnished

3 BEDROOM furnished house on Lake Eustis. 50 miles from Disney World. Write Robert Clark, 518 Lakeshore, Eustis, Florida 32726.

For Rent—Furnished

IDEAL for Executive or Academic family: Brooklyn, N.Y., near Brooklyn College, accessible other colleges. Spacious one family home, comfortably equipped. Choice residential location. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, porch, grounds, garage. 25 minutes midtown Manhattan. Available 6/1/70-9/1/70 or academic year '70-'71. References. Call 212-UL 9-5482, write SR Box T-919.

VILLA RENTALS. Choice inspected holiday rentals Europe and Caribbean. Brochure: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th, Suite 1901, NYC. 212-HA 1-9165.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

CHOICE RENTALS, Acapulco and Cuernavaca. Wide range. Box V-429.

For Summer Rental

N.H.—Hilltop farmhouse near lake, University. $250 month. Box T-963.

HARBORSIDE COTTAGES—Ancient Pemaquid. May-November. New Harbor, Maine 04554.

CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS — Martha's Vineyard. Modern 3 room cottage. June $250; July $450. First 2 weeks in August $300. SR Box V-391.

LARGE ISOLATED FARMHOUSE near Cooperstown, N.Y. Magnificent view. SR Box V-308.

BRIDGEHAMPTON: 3 bedrooms. All appliances. Pastoral. View. Full season $3,500. 516-537-1246.

STONINGTON, MAINE—Fully equipped townhouse on harbor, sundeck. 2 bedrooms. Phone 201-545-1185 or write Marshall Stalley, 1050 George Street, New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.

COLORADO CABIN, Sangre Cristo Mountains. 3 bedrooms, modern conveniences. Trails, hiking, fishing. Box V-420.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT vicinity. Secluded valley. 4 bedroom farmhouse. Barn, ponds, stream. SR Box V-445.

SQUAM LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Pleasant house, unsurpassed panoramic view. Beach, privacy. SR Box V-431.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE SHOREFRONT. New 2 bedroom ranch, fireplace, electric heat, porch. SR Box V-396.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Monadnock region. 3 bedroom house and/or travel trailer. 603-835-6684.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

COLORADO RANCH: Beautiful home, 12 rooms, 4 fireplaces, all conveniences, fully equipped. June, July, both or earlier. $600 per month. 617-369-5458.

CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS—Martha's Vineyard. 5 room, 3 bedroom house with furnace and fireplace. August, $850. SR Box V-386.

POCONOS—4 bedroom, 2 baths, executive retreat, fireplace. Stream, ponds, 130 acres woodland. Available now; month, season. Rimrock, Stroudsburg 5, Pennsylvania 18360.

BAYSIDE, MAINE, Penobscot Bay. 5 room cottage, near shore, all conveniences. $400 monthly, $750 season. SR Box V-379.

BREVARD, N.C. 3,200' elevation. Comfortable, 4 bedrooms. $225 month. SR Box V-428.

MAINE, BRIDGTON—Lake area. Country home, sleeps 8, furnished, all utilities. Needs loving summer tenant. 6/1-9/1, $700, monthly, $300. 212-647-5911, SR Box V-457.

HOUSE WANTED

Ph.D. NEEDS HOME for 5, books, dogs, horse; good high school; New York commuting. Box V-309.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

For Rent—Furnished

SUMMER, N.H.'s WHITE MOUNTAINS. Furnished condominium housekeeping apartments in a beautiful, secluded mountain valley. 2-5 bedroom units fully equipped with every convenience. Fireplace. Golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, children's program. Reasonable. Village Condominium Box C, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. 603-236-8301.

DEER ISLE, MAINE. Harborside studio—2 bedrooms, large living room. Exquisite view. SR Box V-381.

ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS—Deluxe apartment, pool, patio, panoramic ocean view, accommodates 4; $175 weekly, double. November-April. SR Box V-424.

APARTMENTS WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

PROFESSOR desires 2 bedroom, unfurnished apartment, Manhattan, 7/70-7/71. Box V-435.

LAND FOR SALE

BLACK WALNUT TREES—5 acres of northeast Iowa land with 5,000 black walnut trees planted. Total price $2,500. R. W. Daubendiek, 504 Center Avenue, Decorah, Iowa 52101.

LOT FOR SALE

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, near Mission. Beautiful canyon lot plus complete building plans artist's home-studio. $15,000. Owner, 4184 Sunswept, North Hollywood, 91604.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

MEXICAN REAL ESTATE can be effectively owned by *non-citizens. We help in all phases of proper acquisition.* Box V-448.

VERMONT—Lovely home. 6 acres, $29,000. Other listings. Clyde Hastings, Broker, Windsor, Vermont 05089. 802-484-7438.

COTTAGE. Rideau Lakes district, Ontario. $12,000. Write John Graves, RD 1, Ambler, Pennsylvania 19002.

ENJOY VERMONT—Panoramic view—150 acres, farmhouse, fireplace. Trout brook, quiet secluded area. Only $35,000. Janice F. Morrill, Broker, Rt 2, St. Johnsbury, Vermont 05819. Phone 802-748-9340.

SKI CLUBS—Need a hostelry? Three story building near Stowe, Vermont. $30,000. 609-877-9218.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOK describing book, "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 428-A, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-514, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

EARN EXTRA CASH! Homeworkers Manual. Reveals 55 moneymaking plans, tips, ideas. Only $3.00 postpaid. Piqua Supply, Dept. 312-SR, Piqua, Ohio 45356.

CAMPS

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

WANTED: BOYS 12-15, who can respond to challenge of rugged living, hard work, adventure in tropical wilderness of Long Bay, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. Learn construction, agriculture, in exotic setting. Swim, snorkel, scuba dive, sail, hike, explore uninhabited islands, shipwrecks. Cut trails through forest reserve on Gorda Peak. Sample another culture at CAMP SEAFORTH. For information, costs, write: Farm and Wilderness Camps, Box S, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. Warren, Vermont 05674, remedial reading camp, boys, ages 7 to 10. Individual attention, limited enrollment. Helen Gow, Director.

WANTED: 50 creative teenagers—9th through 12th grades, who enjoy rugged adventure, challenge, fun, to form a pilot program in established camp setting in northern Michigan with mature leadership. 5 weeks (July 2nd-August 5th). All races and creeds welcome. G. K. Leinbach, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed. 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 45th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

CAMPS

LORIEN WILDERNESS CAMP, Temagami, Ontario. Canoe trips. Girls 13-17. 15 girls adventure through a vast network of sparkling Canadian lakes. Base camp and Crown forest preserves with hundreds of campsites. Skilled and devoted leaders. Transportation provided. RD No. 1, Wescosville, Pennsylvania 18090. Telephone 215-395-0046.

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN—The Summer Camp for Girls where French is a Way of Fun. The camp with the longest experience in teaching conversational French—the staff are equally specialized in instruction of all activities. 80 highly qualified, bilingual councillors give daily instruction in small groups in French—including theatre and operetta—riding, tennis, swimming, sailing, canoeing, water skiing; arts, music and dance. Situated on Lake Champlain in Vermont, 3 miles of shore, 800 acres including 7 tennis courts and 60 horses. Girls 6 to 16 in 4 separate age groups; plus European programs for older girls. 47th year under family direction. Mr. Claude-A. Schaetz & Mrs. Chase Schaetz, Ecole Champlain, Box R, Ferrisburg, Vermont 05456.

UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060 Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for students currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade: four weeks' audio-lingual instruction in French, German, Hebrew, Italian or Spanish followed by a 3-to 4-week homestay in a foreign land. The Experiment has proved that learning a language can be fun—and "living" it in the country where it is spoken exciting. Write: Language Camp, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

BLUE LAKE Fine Arts Camp—June 22nd, 1970-August 16th, 1970. Grades 6-11. Write: William F. Stansell, Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp, Twin Lake, Michigan 49457.

CRAFT PROGRAM FOR 15 TEENAGERS in Berkshires plus seminars on social issues. Box 201, Putney, Vermont 05346.

MONTANA LEADERSHIP EXPEDITION — Give your youngster a summer of challenge. Magnificent country near Yellowstone. Air Force survival men. Thirty-one day sessions. Teaches self confidence, not conformity. 12 and up. Rolf Olson, Sourdough Road 103, Bozeman, Montana 59715.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

CANADIAN HOUSEBOATING—Cruise Rideau, Thousand Islands waterways. Houseboat Holidays, 1851 Bromley, Ottawa 13, Canada.

VERMONT—"Place for all seasons." Stagecoaches stopped at Salt Ash Lodge, won't you? Brochure. Plymouth Union, 802-672-3748.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

VERMONT: 4 bedrooms. Complete kitchen. Secluded but accessible. Season, month or week. Box T-960.

VACATIONS

THE FUN ON ST. JOHN, U.S. Virgin Islands is at Estate Beth Cruz Hotel. Family accommodations, efficiencies, daily clean-up maid service, hilltop spectacular views, freedom from insects, freshwater pool, informal dining room, bar, frequent native entertainment, rental cars.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

CUMBRES WEEKEND. Explorations in Personal Growth. Friday-Sunday—$95 includes lodging, meals, group sessions: Self-Appreciation, Sensory Awareness, Physical Reorientation, T'ai Chi, Art Workshops. For information/reservations write Cumbres, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

SAILING INSTRUCTIONS. Tennis, swimming. Maine coast. Lester Rhoads, Boothbay, Maine 04537.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 20 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

ADIRONDACKS, KEENE VALLEY, bucolic housekeeping cottages, fireplaces, all conveniences. Seclusion, minutes from trails, trout streams. $100 weekly. 315-853-2166.

N.H.'s WHITE MOUNTAINS. Golf, tennis, swimming, hiking and children's program in a beautiful, secluded mountain valley. Easy access. Accommodations at four modern inns, or rent a completely equipped 2-5 bedroom condominium apartment. Continental cuisine, lounges, entertainment. Reasonable. Free brochure. Waterville Valley Associates, Box A, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. 603-236-8371.

SERENDIB—A handsome vacation home in the country. D. N. Blyler, RD 2, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania 17815.

ECHO VALLEY RANCH—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquility—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington, Swimming pool, lawn sports. $75 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, RD3, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

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VACATIONS

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FASCINATING ART COLONY nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Country Inn, Guest Cottages on Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Finest New England Bed, Board, Brew. 250 acres, shore to woodland trails. Special June rates. Boulders on Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

COCKTAIL LOUNGES. LOUD MUSIC. traffic lights: Interested? Miss the boat as all this remains behind as you vacation ten miles at sea on a serene outer island among softwood forest, majestic cliffs and clean air for all. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS: 165 acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages. Riding, sailing, water skiing, tennis, heated pool AND complete programs. Separate dining Teens to Pre-pre-school. Parental bliss. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Highgate Springs 266, Vermont 05460.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PARADOR MARTORELL. inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

TAOS—Art, culture, beauty in northern New Mexico mountains as the personal quest of resident artist. Free brochure. Trebor de Taos, Box 242, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE. Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. Late May through October. Brochure.

JAMAICA. NORTH COAST AREA. Two new specially built Villas on sea, also swimming pool. No housekeeping worries. Adults only. Contact "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

CAPE COD at its BEST. Directly on the ocean. Fabulous view on three sides. A combination of country, privacy, convenience. Private beach, mammoth pool, nightly dancing. Near golf, deep-sea fishing. Many deluxe rooms. $27 up per person daily (double occupancy) includes breakfast, dinner. June 20th-Labor Day. Cape Codder Hotel, Box CC-3, Falmouth, Massachusetts 02541.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

SUNNY BARBADOS—Incomparable INCHCAPE, casual living on year round southeast coast, cooled by Trade Winds, coral beach, limitless sea views. One-two bedroom guest houses, tastefully furnished, maid-cook included, May-November $80-$150 week; December-April $150-$275 week. Susan Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854. 301-299-9530.

OCEAN COTTAGES. Large, new, housekeeping. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-November. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. Write for elegant, free literature. Wilf & Lois Cooping, Innkeepers.

VACATIONS

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail. Private airstrip adjacent. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

COLORADO MOUNTAINS—Rent one of twenty professors'/physicians' modern vacation homes in remote 1,300 acre ranch. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking rugged recreation. SR Box T-914.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. Daniel D. Miller, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-LE 2-7700.

NANTUCKET. Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1881

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Productive of evil	17 25 66 75 83 94 123
B. Station established at a distance from the main body of an army	158 165 176 182 16 32 40
C. Johnson's "Prince of Abyssinia"	44 49 68 72 89 104 108 115
D. Huntress in Greek mythology	125 130 138 151 153 166 200 4
E. Divining media (2 wds.)	8 18 35 113 124 145 197 3 14
F. Common; ordinary	58 65 82 106 111 160 164 190 29
G. Wilde character who invented Bunbury (first name)	69 134 157 161 168 199 38 46
H. Divining medium	53 62 86 100 41 74 177 22 60 129 162
I. Bereft; suffering extreme want	47 51 80 88 116 135 146 19 97
J. Last name, WORD G	137 73 96 163 184 191 10 64 84
K. Very, to a great degree	122 152 175 179 70 81 99 141 7
L. Weariness of body or mind	26 45 90 107 131 139 150 71 79
M. Kingsley Amis novel (2 wds.)	195 31 187 154 56 118 136 78

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Medium for arsenic in "Arsenic and Old Lace" (2 wds.)	103 6 127 140 192 91 144 11 30 128 57 77 117 170
O. "A Dispatch from ——": 1941 film starring Edw. G. Robinson	5 12 92 101 173 193 15
P. Inspiring	21 156 185 119 171 34 98 174
Q. Overlook	63 105 23 27 183 1 50
R. Quality desirable in a newspaper or a novel, for instance	52 194 87 67 112 143 169 2 59 121 142
S. What the beamish boy stood in (2 wds., Carroll, "Jabberwocky")	181 149 42 54 37 61 93 9 85 133 43 20 76
T. Heavy silk fabric worn in the Middle Ages	33 189 48 148 159 196
U. Streak	109 167 39 186 198 55 28
V. Is emphatic or firm	13 126 95 188 120 147 132
W. Alackaday, odsbodikins, and yond, for instance	114 110 24 102 36 155 172 178 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 Q	2 R	3 E	4 D	5 O	6 N	7 K		8 E	9 S	10 J	11 N	12 O		13 V
14 E		15 O	16 B	17 A	18 E	19 I	20 S	21 P	22 H	23 Q		24 W	25 A	26 L	27 Q	28 U
29 F		30 N	31 M	32 B	33 T	34 P	35 E		36 W		37 S	38 G	39 U	40 B		41 H
42 S		43 S	44 C	45 L	46 G	47 I		48 T	49 C	50 Q	51 I	52 R	53 H	54 S	55 U	56 M
	57 N	58 F	59 R	60 H	61 S		62 H	63 Q	64 J	65 F	66 A	67 R	68 C		69 G	70 K
71 L		72 C	73 J	74 H	75 A	76 S	77 N	78 M	79 L	80 I		81 K	82 F	83 A	84 J	85 S
86 H	87 R	88 I	89 C	90 L		91 N	92 O	93 S		94 A	95 V		96 J	97 I	98 P	99 K
100 H	101 O	102 W	103 N	104 C	105 Q	106 F	107 L		108 C	109 U		110 W	111 F	112 R	113 E	
114 W	115 C		116 I	117 N	118 M	119 P	120 V	121 R	122 K	123 A	124 E		125 D	126 V	127 N	
128 N	129 H	130 D		131 L	132 V		133 S	134 G	135 I	136 M	137 J	138 D	139 L	140 N	141 K	142 R
	143 R	144 N	145 E	146 I	147 V	148 T	149 S	150 L	151 D		152 K	153 D	154 M	155 W	156 P	157 G
	158 B	159 T	160 F	161 G	162 H		163 J	164 F	165 B	166 D	167 U	168 G	169 R	170 N	171 P	
172 W	173 O	174 P	175 K		176 B	177 H	178 W	179 K		180 W	181 S	182 B	183 Q	184 J	185 P	186 U
187 M	188 V	189 T	190 F		191 J	192 N	193 O	194 R	195 M	196 T	197 E	198 U	199 G	200 D		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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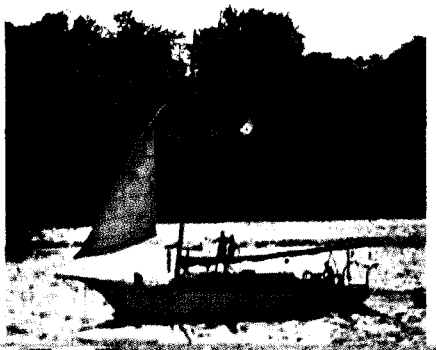

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